

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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His Excellency, Charles G. Dawes

BY CHARLES FRANCIS COE

FOR the Court of St. James, His Excellency, Charles Gates Dawes! Surely, with that announcement the mind of the average citizen turned to "Hell and Maria."

It is a trait of the average mind that it associates always with genius the thing which first widely manifested genius. Charles Gates Dawes made the Hell-and-Maria speech for a great cause. He shall always be known by the phrase. Perhaps it has led to a misconception of the man himself.

The purpose of this article is to disclose the General as I have found him. My privilege it has been to travel with him, fish with him, while away vacation hours with him and stand watchfully by as he worked in his own bank and amid the public affairs of his Vice-Presidential responsibilities. I think I know him. I know I love him.

The sequence is perfectly simple: Anyone who knows him will love him. He is a great man. A man with an amazing trove of knowledge at his

fingertips. A man who is first of all human, then shrewd and studious and compelling.

THE first time I ever met him was in a private car in which a group had journeyed to New Mexico for trout fishing. The General had preceded us to the rendezvous. When the car arrived I was momentarily away while introductions took place. When I returned the conversation had swung to the all-important subject of fishing. The General was talking and I paused in the passageway of the car rather than interrupt. His shrewd eyes saw me there and favored me with a single fleeting glance. He finished his sentence, then said:

"Who's this chap? Must be Socker." "Socker" is my nickname.

Apologies were made by our host. Dawes insisted that I take a chair beside him. "I was just telling," he explained, "of a trout I caught yesterday. It was a big trout, too. Seventeen inches long." He paused,

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inserted the famous underslung pipe between his teeth, then continued. "I admit I caught it on a grasshopper rather than a fly, Socker . . . But a grasshopper's a damned sight harder to catch than a trout!"

Two things seem established by the incident. The first is that the General's sense of humor is anything but dulled by the weight of his international services. He laughs as easily as ever a man laughed, and nowhere is there a better man to deal with than that man whose laugh is ready and sincere.

The second is, and I state this with every certainty of its correctness, General Dawes has never called me by a name other than "Socker." It was Socker before I actually had met him, it remains Socker to this day. Human. Real. Friendly. That is General Dawes.

HIS initial deeds as President of the Senate brought about his ears a veritable tempest of criticism. A lesser man would have weakened under it. The General did not. In fact, that very tempest was the one hope he had of attaining a desirable result. He planned the tempest before it broke. In truth he deliberately aggravated it.

"Had I uttered platitudes suitable to the occasion," he tells me, "they would have been submerged in the ensuing oratory. Instead, I challenged the criticism of the very men I wanted to impress. In their resentment, they spread my speech before their constituents. So the people heard my voice. It was the only way to make them. As soon as they analyzed what I had said, they knew I was right."

That is the man. That is apt to be his method. A famous lawyer who recently served with the Dawes Commission in Santo Domingo said to me: "Just when the General seems to be most tactless is when he is showing the most tact." I subscribe to that sentiment.

"He is the greatest salesman alive," others have told me. This is verified by men of a thousand different professions. An astute theatrical producer recently said to me: "If I could get over the footlights one tenth the sincerity and dynamic enthusiasm that man puts into the simplest of his words, I'd make a million dollars a day!"

THAT was the sort of psychology which made Hell-and-Maria a byword in the period of inevitable investigations following the war. "It was the one way," Dawes tells me, "to show up the asininity of such fool proceedings. Trying to investigate in times of peace the things a man did under the stress of war emergency is the height of idiocy. There is no standard of comparison by which to judge. With men in the trenches and the fate of nations hanging in the balance, does one think of anything but the necessary and immediate results?"

The day before this article was written, I sat in the library of the General's home at Evanston. There he brought to me a silver tray suitably inscribed to him by the United States Senate. On the tray is the signature of every senator. Most prominent among them, doubtless, were the names of those whose criticism of the General in the early days of their acquaintance had been

most severe. The result was what General Dawes reckoned upon and the result was what he got. He always does.

TIME and again I have sat in the office of the Vice-President at the Capitol while the Senate was in session. Various senators passed in a steady stream before the open door. Few indeed who did not pause to pass the time of day and few indeed of them were addressed by the General by other than their first names. Friendship was between them. Party, creed or race seemed of no bearing. Those whose motives were high and whose methods fair formed a coterie about Dawes which enveloped virtually the whole Senate.

"Government is not the passing of laws," the General says. "It is the reconciliation wrought between the needs of law and order and the human nature that governs us all. Human nature is the greater portion when contrasted with economic or technical considerations. The only workable laws are those attuned to human nature."

How tremendously right he is!

His oratory fashions itself somewhat after the beauties and the directness of the ancients. He is a deep student of Roman history and from it draws a perfect fund of philosophy and psychology. His versatility is the flower of an ability to analyze almost in the wink of an eye any sort of problem that affects the lives of men.

Knowing but a layman's portion of engineering, he brings quickly to agreement bickering engineers. Entering the army as a man possessed of no military training, he quickly

ferreted out the needs of the army and brought into being the board which controlled the allied military supplies.

What matter that he was a mere colonel when the great met in London to discuss his mutualization idea? John Pershing, his friend and commander, knew Dawes. Whether he wore upon his shoulder a spread eagle or the four stars of a full general, meant nothing. Dawes was the man who had seen the need and perfected the remedy. Dawes was the man to convince the different nations to the point of coöperation.

When the meeting convened a gentleman of the four stars professed amazement that one so lowly as a colonel should represent the United States.

"What!" he bellowed. "Pershing not here? How the devil can we get anywhere talking with a colonel. . . ."

"I'm here!" Dawes barked back at him. "I'm here with General Pershing's authority and God damn it, Sir, if you go into the meeting with half as much, we'll get somewhere!"

THEY went into the meeting. Though he undoubtedly will resent my saying so, General Dawes, then colonel, dominated that meeting. He swayed the thoughts of his hearers, trampled under the heel of sheer reason their quibbling and bickerings and in the end, just as Pershing knew he would, won out for his cause and his country. I am told by military experts that no one achievement contributed as much to the winning of the war.

A soldier for but a few brief months, after the war, Dawes wrote his journal and the same military

experts proclaim it one of the greatest theses on military tactics that has yet been prepared. An amazing man is this genial general.

Versatility? Well, if you will. But knowing General Dawes, I vie with you. What he has is more than versatility. It is the ability to sense the ultimate aim, see with undimmed clarity the needed result, weigh methods in the flash of an eye, then act. He brooks no interference, frets openly at unseemly delay, but those who work with him love him.

He is not an organizer, he is a doer. He is not a builder in the sense that industry views the builder. Instead, he looks through a man, sees the latent or developed qualities there, puts them instantly to work that they may coördinate with qualities possessed by another.

Results, results, results; yet never a driver. No man, be it said, can drive when he himself is out ahead of his workers. Drivers work from behind where they may lash the whip without fear of being trampled underfoot. Dawes works from the position of leadership and men scramble to maintain the pace he sets.

RECENTLY I stood in a huge steel mill. The manager was with me and as the vast mechanism of the works functioned, every steel finger responding unflinching to the need of the moment, I glanced upward at the executive in sheer wonderment. He did not notice me. His eyes were fixed upon a mighty roller that ground through a myriad flying sparks and with the strength of a million men milled ingots weighing tons.

It was an old sight to this man.

He had seen it daily for years. Yet I saw his eyes filled with a light little less than poetic. It was as though he had dreamed these things in impotence, then waked to find them real and living there before him. Business has a soul.

I HAVE seen General Dawes at a piano. This Hell-and-Maria Dawes; this man who threw the Senate into turmoil; this man who wrought into unity the needs of half a dozen armies; this man who, when fighting was done, wrought peace and equity from the smoldering ashes of his own fighting; this repairer of war havoc; this one man I recall who used the tools of war as a master, then healed the lingering war wounds with the sure touch of the diplomat and financier; at his piano.

Then his keen eyes grow soft with a musician's love of music. From his capable fingers spring strains that already have won distinction. I like to think it is the humanity of the man finding expression in music, giving voice to the beauties that within him lie. Coining in sound, as it were, thoughts and emotions of this remarkable man that they may be preserved for those of us who are lesser in stature as time measures a man.

Surely we must measure a man by the things he does. Dawes's deeds are too well known to have escaped the pages of history. But those are his deeds of a public nature. This article is to introduce to casual readers the man himself; the individual who is our representative at the Court of St. James. One of my recent experiences is illuminating.

When the General arrived from

Santo Domingo I met his ship. In company with others, we lunched. That evening the General, as would be expected of him, gave a dinner in honor of the Commission. During the dinner I said to him: "I have a friend I want you to meet — a friend you are going to enjoy. You'll laugh more in half an hour with this chap than you ever laughed in all your life."

"Lunch tomorrow," the General answered instantly. "I never miss a chance to laugh, Socker. Who is this friend?"

"Leon Errol," I answered. "I want to lunch where we can be alone and uninterrupted."

"Come to my rooms," the General urged. "I'll have luncheon at one thirty."

"Fine," I agreed. "I'm sure I can reach Leon. We'll drop in for about an hour. . . . You'll enjoy it, General."

We dropped in for an hour. With us went Tom Meighan of movie fame and Gene Buck, the noted songwriter and producer. Four hours later we left. Leon, inimitable as always, related anecdotes, told stories, cracked jokes. General Dawes sat sprawled comfortably on a divan and between laughs smoked happily at his famous pipe. I think that is the only time I ever saw the General lay aside the pipe. He laughed so wholesomely at Leon that he was unable to smoke.

He then related what had been said on the stage so long before that Tom Meighan allowed that it was longer than he cared to remember. But every one of those men left that room as truly General Dawes' friend

as I am; every one of them was as lusty in the singing of his praises.

I happened to join Mr. Errol in his dressing room that evening. While there we got an urgent invitation from the General to meet him after the play at the home of Major-General Harbord. When we arrived, the new ambassador chuckled like a boy. "Errol," he explained, "I just had to have Harbord hear that story about the time you gave the picnic. . . ."

THAT is Dawes the man, and for that the United States may be thankful. He will be a fine ambassador. Skilled in the intricacies of finance and international relationships, powerful in the art of reason, warm in the gift of friendship, and sincere in every thought and act, Charles Gates Dawes, though he may ever be known as Hell-and-Maria, will be our greatest ambassador since Benjamin Franklin.

"Nobody can make progress with deceit in his heart," he says. "The way to win people to trust is to trust them. If there's a thing to be said, say it. If there's a job to be done, do it. But whatever you do, hear the other fellow's side and *trust him*. Show him that you trust him and in no time at all, he'll trust you. Then will follow achievement."

I venture the guess that within a month of his arrival all England will literally be hanging on his words and when he returns to his own soil it will be to look back upon another great job done and happy in the possession of a legion of new friends.

At the Court of St. James, America is truly represented by a representative American.

The Goddesses in Our Midst

BY R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS

*Is the young girl whom America, of all civilized nations, has
deified, worthy of the high place accorded her at the
expense of maturer women?*

WHY, certainly, there are goddesses among us here in America, although I know of none elsewhere. Their cult is firmly established and is even growing. Every visiting European has noted it, and many of them have publicly commented on it, never failing to express astonishment at the extent to which the cult has obtained.

Native Americans, too, have from time to time made observations of a slightly disparaging nature; nevertheless, the goddesses step more proudly than ever, and their cult continues to flourish.

Of course, I allude to the young unmarried girls of this country and the strange, entirely American attitude towards them — girls so immature mentally that sensible conversation with them is altogether out of the question; girls so ignorant of reality that they actually believe their life will be a fairy story; girls so egotistic in their pride of youth that even the egotism of young men pales when confronted with it.

Girls have some value everywhere, even in such regions as Papua and Patagonia. But among civilized races

it is only in the United States that they are prized for what they are more than for the promise of what they will become when time has matured the rawness of extreme youth.

I HAVE said that visiting foreigners have commented on the phenomenon with astonishment. Who has not read these comments in the endless stream of books that relate Europeans' impressions of this country? I do not say that they are always severely critical of the young American girl, but I do say that they invariably express surprise at the immense amount of attention she receives. Take, for instance, the case of the late W. L. George, who was considered an authority on women — whatever that may be. In his *Hail, Columbia* he does not hesitate to say some rather candid things about the American girl, whom, it is plain, he did not much admire, notwithstanding that he was extremely genial and friendly in his attitude toward this country as a whole.

"One of the most interesting features of the American woman

question," he writes, "is the supremacy of the girl. In Europe the girl hardly counts at all. . . . It is a remarkable thing in an American summer hotel to see the owners of automobiles filling their cars with young girls, while the young matrons are left behind. Yet the young married woman is far more attractive, far more amusing than the bread-and-butter miss. Except in rather fast circles, she seems in America to be almost entirely ignored. Everything goes to the girl — money for college, for training, for social consideration; she is encouraged to waywardness, as if men took a delight in her freshness, her mischievousness, and enjoyed her youthful petulance. It is rather regrettable in a way, for it leads to the conclusion that the American woman's good time is rather short. . . . I do believe that a certain hardness must afflict the American girl, owing to excess of good things which she enjoys very early and very easily. . . . I confess that I don't like her as well as the American married woman, who has been reduced by work and difficulties to a state devoid of petulance."

THE late Professor Hugo Münsterberg was less outspoken but possibly a good deal more uneasy than the English novelist.

"The foreigner," he wrote, "cannot see these charming American girls without a constant feeling that there is something unhealthy in their nervous make-up, an over-irritation, a pathological tension not desirable for the woman who is preparing herself to be the mother of healthy children. . . . The American system

(of female education) has the tendency to feminize the whole higher culture, and thus to injure the national civilization itself."

But for real, outspoken severity, we must turn to Max Nordau, whose book *Degeneration* created a great stir in its day. (I quote Nordau, whose comments were made a good many years back, to indicate that the phenomenon I am discussing is not just a thing of today, but is apparently a permanent aspect of American life.)

"THE excessive love of her own person," wrote Nordau, "is cultivated systematically. The American man has raised her to the rank of mistress and sovereign absolute in whose service he spends himself with docility and joy. He has built temples and altars for her and has placed her, like a goddess, on a pedestal. But one must be a real goddess to stand incense, genuflections, idolatry, for if not vanity becomes monstrously inflated. The American woman is a mortal and she pays the price of her deification. Her feelings vanish and her soul becomes impoverished in proportion as her jewel case increases in value. . . . It is comprehensible why the European novelists and dramatists have passed her over. She does not interest them and never will interest them so long as she remains what she is."

Let us analyze the assets and, daring though it may be, also the inadequacies of these modern goddesses. It is, of course, bold on my part even to suggest that goddesses have failings or shortcomings, but if I did not think so there would be

no point in this paper. But at the same time, no one is readier than I to admit their assets. Let us, then, begin.

THE first and chief asset of our goddesses is, beyond all question, their physical freshness. This freshness is the exclusive prerogative of youth and no beauty shop in the world can duplicate it and would not pretend to if only the mass of women had a little more sense about these things. This freshness confers a smoothness of skin, a brightness of expression and, as a rule, a slenderness of body of which it would be absurd to deny the value to a woman. All men admire these things, and, as a consequence, all normal women desire to have them, whether they acknowledge it or not. Let us, then, admit at once that the physical freshness of the goddesses is no mean asset.

I have said that it is the first and the chief of their assets. What are the others? Frankly, I do not know. I have cudgelled my brains to find them, but I cannot. Unless, indeed, one chooses to count the high spirits of the goddesses as an asset. Perhaps they are; but I hesitate to do more than merely suggest them, seeing that there have been for some years past such violent outcries concerning the behavior that has resulted from their possession. Of course, no one denies that high spirits are an asset when controlled by a knowledge of life and an acquaintance with reality. But these are precisely what young girls lack, and lack in a very marked degree. What else is there, then, that young girls have and others have not?

Being unable to answer this ques-

tion, I turn to a brief consideration of the inadequacies of the goddesses. Who will deny that young girls, taking them *en masse*, are really very insipid? Very young men may not find them so; but, then, very young men are none too pungent themselves. Old men, of course, find young girls piquant; but that, as every one knows, is merely because old men are old and young girls are young. And the rest of mankind? If it were not for their smooth skins, their lively expressions and their slender figures, is there any intelligent man who would go out of his way to seek the society of the goddesses? I doubt it. For, deprived of the pleasure of gazing on physical beauty, one is driven to fall back on conversation. And what do the goddesses talk about?

IN ONE of my jobs I used to amuse myself by listening to the conversation of the girl employees of the firm when they flocked to the wash-room to renew their complexions and to wet their hair in order to bring out their "permanents" in full strength. I vow — I solemnly vow — that never once did I hear them discuss one single topic except hairdressing. If it was not a comparison of "permanents", then it was a lively discussion of the durability of marcells. Talk ran like this: "How long does yours stay in, Mamie?" "Ten days if the weather keeps pretty dry." "God, I'd say I was lucky if mine stayed in only five." And so on, like that, day after day, week after week, and presumably month after month until . . . the goddesses are goddesses no longer.

It may be argued that the con-

versation of these clerks is no fair criterion of that of young girls in general. It is not. The young girls of higher social advantages speak with more refinement of accent and great correctness of grammatical expression. But does not their conversation remain essentially the same in substance?

Naturally, one cannot expect to find old heads on young shoulders, and certainly American goddesses are no worse in this respect than girls anywhere else. But their mental insipidity is surely in striking contrast to their pretenses.

IT WOULD probably come as a great surprise to the majority of them to hear that there exist some men — a minority, without question — who are so irked by the inanity of feminine youth that they do not hesitate to express a preference for what they call a woman of “sense,” even though her figure is not so slender or her face so bright and lineless as those of an eighteen-year-old goddess. I suppose that the feeling of this minority is that even a man may become bored by a pretty face more quickly than by entertaining or interesting conversation. Indeed, it is the tragedy of beauty that one *does* get used to it if one is in contact with it fairly frequently, just as one becomes reconciled to a plain face if it is accompanied by a good disposition or a ready wit. Anyhow, I once heard a somewhat cantankerous middle-aged man exclaim, after having been forced to listen to an unusually terrible exhibition of conversational inanity on the part of a self-satisfied young goddess: “I know of only one living creature sillier

than a girl and that is a sheep. The girl may show more sense in getting out of the way of automobiles, but from the point of view of conversation, the sheep is preferable. Its bleating is at least negative inanity.”

NO DOUBT this critic of young girls was unduly harsh; but no dispassionate person of either sex will pretend that the conversation of girls is interesting except in the rarest instances. Indeed, the extreme vanity and self-complacency of the modern young girl sometimes lead her conversation to arouse in her listeners an attitude that is almost antagonistic — an attitude that is occasionally shared even by men, excluding, of course, the very young and the very old.

But what is most noteworthy about the modern goddesses is this: their vanity rests upon no accomplishment whatever. They are today probably a good deal less accomplished than their grandmothers, who could cook and sew and embroider and even keep house without uttering a single groan. True, the modern American goddess is more adept at outdoor sports; but her grandmother probably danced much more gracefully. Surely graceful dancing is a more valuable accomplishment than outdoor sports, in which women must always be defeated by men, while in grace they may, if they choose, reign supreme.

There is, indeed, something faintly ironical about this situation. It would seem that the less the girls have to boast about the more likely are they to assume the goddess attitude and to expect others to as-

sume one of suitable humility. For, let the goddesses say what they will, good cooking and good housekeeping *are* worth while accomplishments. Anyone can smoke cigarettes; but not everyone can cook a really first-rate dinner — nor a second-rate one either, for that matter.

BUT there is more than irony in the situation. The inanity of the goddesses and their loss of what has hitherto always been considered as desirable in feminine accomplishment constitute social and intellectual failings. Moreover, in making a more or less complete assessment of our goddesses, we must not overlook the moral defects of their case. Now, the chief moral shortcoming of our deities is their gross materialism.

There is something particularly revolting about materialism in the very young. In the men of middle age and in the aging woman it does not shock so greatly. One merely feels that these have outgrown the raptures of youth and that reality has triumphed so far as their own experience of life is concerned. They want security; they want comfort; the men realize that a good dinner is a good dinner and the women that a dress from Chanel or Patou will make them look and feel better than a ready-made from a department store. They have had their dreams long ago and have awakened from them. In a word, their materialism is more or less a natural acquisition produced automatically by time.

But our deities do not dream. They are on the make from the start. They are out to exploit men. They expect men to pay, pay, pay.

And the men pay, pay, pay, and do not seem to realize that they are being exploited. In Europe a well-bred girl does not dream of consistently utilizing a man to pay for meals, movies, theatre seats. If she does, it indicates that she hopes to marry him. Barefaced exploitation of men is left to the professional exploiters of men. But the American goddesses seem to think it the duty of men to pay, no matter how little they receive in return. In this respect they have usurped the prerogative of the courtesan without incurring the social stigma extended to the professional woman.

AND the men submit, to such a degree has the cult of the goddesses attained. Cynically materialistic, monstrously greedy of amusements that cost money, vain and insipid in the intellectual sense to the last degree, they have yet succeeded in imposing themselves on their country in a manner inexplicable to the outsider. For they do not even assume a virtue when they have it not. They do not hide their materialism, but rather flaunt it. The other day I was lunching in a restaurant with two dowdy, respectable-looking married women sitting at the same table. In the course of conversation, the younger said to the elder in the most matter of fact tone imaginable: "Before I was married I took good care only to go with elderly men. The young ones are no good. They haven't anything to spend." And the elder woman gravely acquiesced.

An unlovely picture of modern feminine youth? Perhaps. But is it really too highly colored? If so, then why this unending stream of books,

articles and pulpit sermons directed against the failings and offenses of the younger generation, and more particularly the feminine half of it? But even after allowing for a certain amount of prejudice against the goddesses in our midst, it still remains incomprehensible why, in modern America, very young women should play the gigantic rôle they do. It is well known that for some mysterious reason they possess a virtual monopoly of many jobs; hence the recent outcries of women over thirty deemed too old to type. But as this paper deals with the social and not with the economic aspect of the phenomenon, it is not necessary to do more than mention the fact.

WHAT is the explanation of the phenomenon? How is it that the American girl of today has succeeded in selling herself to a degree undreamed of by the girls of any other country? Why are very young American girls allowed to elbow older women out of places which properly belong to them? Why do they attract so much more social attention than married women?

To understand the full import of these questions, it is necessary to glance for a moment at the position of young girls in Europe. To Europeans, as I have already said, the absolute social predominance of young American girls has long been a source of wonder. The Frenchman, in particular — a highly sophisticated creature if ever there was one — has never found young girls very interesting. The married woman has captured his attention both in real life and in literature to an infinitely greater degree than the

jeune fille, whom he finds insipid and intellectually uninspiring. In England, the young girl has more leeway and more admiration than in France. Nevertheless, to the American girl the English girl must always seem a poor, repressed, somewhat downtrodden creature, just as to the English girl, her American contemporary must seem an over-bold young person who needs to be taken down a peg or two. As for the rest of Europe, in no part of it does the young girl attain to anything approaching the position she holds in America. Her importance in society is infinitesimal in comparison with that of the older woman; and the European frankly finds incomprehensible a social order which gives débutantes more limelight and attention than it gives to married women.

Why are pages in American Sunday newspapers filled with the photographs of young girls of no particular beauty or social importance? Why are girls' luncheon parties chronicled? (As if they were worth any notice whatever!) How is the American girl's position to be explained?

I DO not know enough American social history to answer my own questions with any degree of certainty. I suspect, however, that the supremacy of young girls in this country is in some manner connected with the fact that this is a pioneer country, and there has always been a tendency to make much of women in pioneer countries. And yet this does not by any means explain the matter completely, for in pioneer countries all women are valued, and not only very young unmarried

women. I do not say for a moment that older women have a poor position in the United States. Far from it, indeed. But I do say that, compared with that of young girls, it is distinctly inferior.

At any rate, even if inexplicable, the supremacy of the goddesses is a fact today. But what of their future? Time does not stand still even for goddesses, and in a few short years they will find that they are either married or faded. In either case, they will be goddesses no longer. As to what they will be, it is better not

to hazard an opinion. For with their youth gone, what will be left? Nerve, I suspect, but what beside? They have not deigned to cultivate the old-fashioned accomplishments of their grandmothers. Their intellectual interests have been a little meagre, to put the case politely. They will have no resources within themselves, and none of the adulation upon which they have flourished. I fear that many of the carefree young women of this age will in later years become the most discontented old women our race has ever known.

Gray Night

BY BERNICE KENYON

ALL night, intrepid, tireless and serene,
 A I walk the earth and all the worlds beside;
 All night the folded darkness opens wide
 To let me pass unhurt, and step between
 The balanced orbits, toward the vaguely seen
 And nebulous streamings of the starry tide —
 Discovering the unknown, and the allied
 Unknowable, and all that may have been.

All night, closed in and gratified by sleep,
 My body waits, and cares not to restrain
 Its wayward being off upon the deep
 And timeless glimmerings where space runs out —
 Content to wait till day, and once again
 Dim my discoveries in the light of doubt.

How Doth the Busy Moonshiner!

BY FRANCIS PRIDEMORE

*A one-time operator of a West Virginia still ironically considers
a growing industry which has brought affluence to
impoverished communities*

WEST VIRGINIA has long been called a backward state. We have lacked roads, schools, "church-houses" and places of entertainment. We can still remember when cash money was a rarity, and trading was accomplished almost entirely through the exchange of goods. Time, however, alters all things, and while our schools, churches, and places of entertainment are still primitive in the mountain regions, the great road building programme of the last six years has opened up many inaccessible areas and enabled us almost at one stride to catch up with business as it is carried on (I had almost said "waged") in other more progressive states.

The fact that chain stores have not yet penetrated the West Virginian wilds must not be taken to indicate that we do not as yet understand or employ modern business methods. We are, as a matter of fact, developing a chain business peculiarly our own — namely chains of stills. This is the logical development of an industry which has maintained a steady growth ever since the

passage of the Eighteenth Amendment.

In order to obtain an adequate idea of the increase in mountain moonshining, let us consider a mountain section in Logan and Lincoln counties with which I am familiar — a strip about forty miles long and between fifteen and twenty miles wide. I have chosen this district because I consider it typical of many others, not only in West Virginia but also in Tennessee and Kentucky. Furthermore, I myself was for many years one of the local moonshining lights, so that I feel entitled to speak with authority upon conditions in that region.

IN 1916, my last liquor-making year, the entire 400 square miles of the district contained not more than ten stills with an average capacity of about fifteen gallons. The liquor that we made was pure and, except that it was generally uncolored, fully equal to that made by the legitimate distillers in the lowlands. Very few of us made whiskey for profit. Moonshining was not a business but a gesture of defiance.

Came the war and most of us forsook our illegal pursuit. For the first time in our lives we upheld the Government instead of flouting it. My own still — sole family heirloom — was left in the carefully selected cave where I had always kept it and for six years I did not see it. When I returned in 1923, I found that a relative was running it but that the liquor he was turning out was a disgrace to our name — more of that anon, however.

By 1923, the original ten stills had increased to fifteen or eighteen — all run by the sons and grandsons of the first settlers. The people were the same, but the spirit (no joke intended) was different. Moonshine was becoming a regular business. The stills, instead of being used semi-occasionally, were constantly active; a few were running their stuff twice instead of the customary and well-nigh necessary thrice, and a good deal of money was changing hands. I saw clearly that I had forsaken the old ways at the wrong time, but I was out to stay, so I went West and for the next three years saw nothing at all of our business progress.

IN 1926 I returned temporarily to that same district and found moonshining activities even greater than before. The number of stills had increased from fifteen or eighteen to twenty-five or thirty; the new ones were much larger, ranging in capacity to from thirty to forty gallons and were for the most part run by strangers — quite frequently by Poles and Hunkies who found moonshining easier and more profitable than coal mining. These men did not give a “whoop and a holler” for the

quality of the stuff they put out; they never ran their stuff more than twice and the fact that it was more than mildly poisonous interested them but little. All they cared about was the kick and the price, especially the latter. The few oldtimers who were still in the game had lowered their standards to meet the competition.

In the entire district there was no liquor being manufactured which I, personally, considered safe to drink, and the prices were enormous, considering the horrible taste of the liquor and the risk the consumer ran.

BAD as was the situation in 1926, it is worse today. I know of at least fifty-five stills in that same district and I have heard persistent rumors of others so that I should set the total number at about sixty-five. The size continues to increase, a good many of the stills having a capacity of about sixty gallons. The oldtimers are gone, with the exception of my distant relative who makes moonshine only when he is in need of money. When he does run off a batch, its quality and general unwholesomeness must, I think, disturb the repose of our ancestors more than would any amount of free-handed killing.

A skull and cross-bones should be on the label of every bottle of liquor that is sold throughout the entire region. The pride of the calling — a pride which, though it may seem ridiculous to the reader, was to us a very real one — has departed. Moonshining, once a gentleman's avocation — like golf — is now — like golf — a business, and is one of the first in West Virginia to employ

scientific business methods. That we are learning the lesson rapidly and well I hope to show.

Formerly just as one man or one group of men owned a store or restaurant, so one man or group of men owned a still which was worked from time to time in a somewhat happy-go-lucky fashion. Now that we have gone modern, one man often owns six or seven which are managed for him by employes who keep them running full blast. I know one man who owns fourteen, and three brothers who control twenty-one.

THESE brothers, whom I shall refer to as the Blanks, have formed their amalgamation along the usual economic lines. One or two of the original owners have been bought out; others who tried to maintain the old quality of their liquor have been squeezed out, since liquor properly distilled in small quantities and three times run can by no means compete in price with sixty gallon amounts run once. The Blanks have employed a third method, crude but occasionally paralleled in more legitimate competition — that of stealing their competitor's still and equipment and setting it up in another location. Of course the real owners are without legal redress and a misappropriated still is harder to trace and more dangerous to steal back than one might imagine. A thirteen year old boy receives from the Blanks fifteen dollars for every still he locates. One old-time moonshiner set up a little distillery on the kitchen stove in his houseboat. His liquor was so good that his trade rapidly expanded beyond the narrow limits which the Blanks permit. His equip-

ment was easy to steal, but equally easy to replace since it consisted merely of a few household utensils and a little pipe. The Blanks, who dislike killing except as a last resort, were somewhat at a loss. Then an autumn flood opportunely made its appearance and just before the crest came down, they cut the houseboat cables and their erstwhile rival landed high if not dry on a sand bar fifty miles down stream. Since profits sufficient to pay for having the houseboat towed back up the river had not yet accrued, the Blanks were cheaply rid of one more competitor.

The Blanks' standing with the local authorities would seem to be excellent — the latter are said to protect them as far as possible both from competition and from the occasionally menacing activities of the State police. Two Federal agents are currently reported to have fallen so deeply into a trap laid for them by the Blanks that they were jailed on serious charges.

I HAVE gone thus into detail concerning the Blanks because I consider them the best exponents of modern business methods applied to moonshining in West Virginia. As our local captains of industry, why should they not be treated with the respect everywhere accorded to wealth and influence? Their chain of stills is rapidly growing longer; it will probably spread all the way to Huntington — perhaps into Kentucky and Ohio. They understand the value of organization and they have fully grasped the cardinal principle of modern industry: Profit results from quantity produced as economically as possible. Accord-

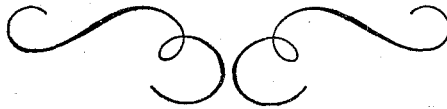
ingly they economize where they can get away with it — on material and on the number of runnings — and they are very liberal where liberality will pay.

When you consider that their score of stills will average not less than 900 gallons a week (triple that number for weeks in which festivals like the Fourth of July and Christmas occur) and that they receive between \$16.00 and \$20.00 a gallon — about \$16,000 a week — you will admit that they have as much right to be revered on Guyan as has Ford in Detroit. Like Ford they demand a good deal from their employees, but they pay high wages. Taking it by and large, I would far rather work for them than for the coal companies.

There are increasing numbers of similar organizations in the Southern mountains and I am not wholly facetious when I say that, unless its growth is checked, moonshining may

yet claim a place with mining as our chief industry. Every one knows that West Virginia coal is very, very ill; but although coal mining was for years the sole industry that brought money into our poverty-stricken hills, even if it were to die tomorrow, we would not need to despair of our future.

As long as the smoke from a thousand stills curls up from every creek, branch and hollow; as long as our splendid new roads, costing millions, connect hollow with branch, branch with creek, and creek with the big, thirsty outside world, so long will our girls wear silk stockings and dance to radios, and our boys carry pearl handled revolvers and dash around in — at the very least — new Fords. We of the mountains at long last are having our share of prosperity. Just exactly what it will do to or for us remains to be seen.



The Mills of Marriage

BY F. EMERSON ANDREWS

*Some views on the tie that binds child brides, greedy parsons,
the license clerks and the marriage law grab-bag to
our crowded divorce courts*

THERE will be two million new brides and grooms this year in the United States. Some will have church weddings with aisles of flowers, the conventional wedding march, and *Oh Promise Me*. Some will be married by dim candle-light at two o'clock in the morning in the stuffy parlor of a justice of the peace.

In the long procession there will be foreign nobles, middle-aged bank presidents, young clerks, stolid truck drivers. The brides will include movie actresses (trying their fourth husbands), starry-eyed maidens from every class who dream the dream of young love, shrewd ladies bargaining for money or social position with a husband unavoidably attached — and child brides twelve years "old" and less.

In all these respects 1929 is no different from other years. Their similar processions of assorted lives have been paired off with the same official "Bless you, my children" of organized society. Only in respect to a new understanding of actual conditions under which families are founded in the United States does

1929 have something to add to this picture of marriage.

For a decade and more, stress has been laid on divorce. It has been variously regarded as a sign of the new freedom, a threat against the sanctity of the home, or even a virulent poison undermining the whole social structure. In 1929 a more healthy if less sensational emphasis is being laid on entrance into marriage, with a view to attacking the divorce evil at its root by elevating ideals of marriage and preventing those unions which seem to promise disaster.

ONE sign of this new emphasis is the recent investigation of the Federal Council of Churches into marriage and home life, the preliminary report of which (on "Ideals of Love and Marriage") has already received wide attention. A second sign is the recent publication by the Russell Sage Foundation of a survey conducted by two members of its staff, Miss Mary E. Richmond and Mr. Fred S. Hall, into our marriage laws and how they are administered. This is the first survey of marriage

law administration ever undertaken on a national scale. It involved visits by skilled investigators to 96 cities in 30 states. It is for the first time possible, as a result of this study, to view on a national basis the ways in which society safeguards and fails to safeguard the two million brides and grooms who in any given year venture upon marriage. It is with this latter investigation, presenting facts rather than opinions, that we shall be chiefly concerned.

ONE of the first facts encountered is the tremendous variety in the marriage laws of the United States. There is very little Federal law applicable to marriage, since this has been deemed a matter for state control. In consequence, each of the forty-eight states has its own code of marriage laws, with an additional one for the District of Columbia. In many respects these codes differ widely from one another.

These codes of law have often developed slowly, under frontier conditions. Unfortunately, American history during frontier days was interpreted as a history of Indian battles and colonial relationships, with very little concern for what has more recently risen to prominence as "social history." This social-legal past is hard to reconstruct; diaries do not greatly help us, as they do with the more intimate personal life of the people. One does, however, find a few such eloquent notices as the following, taken from Pickett's *History of Alabama*:

"Upon the Tombigbee and Lake Tensaw, the people still [1800] lived without laws, and without the right of matrimony. For years, the sexes

had been in the habit of pairing off and living together with the mutual promise of regular marriage when ministers or magistrates should make their appearance in the country."

Out of varying primitive conditions a wide variety of state laws naturally developed. In New England, the rigid Puritan conscience and the scarcely broken English tradition introduced the English law, minus of course its strongly ecclesiastical Church of England character. In many states large foreign populations colored the laws with customs of their own countries. In particular, those from southern Europe, where the body reaches an early maturity, helped maintain the low marriage age which had come to us in the first instance from Roman jurisprudence. In our South the negro complicated the marriage problem, and in the West the Indians were the cause for restrictions, some of which still persist. In Arizona, for example, the marriage of an Indian with a white person is void. The states could not even agree on the degrees of relationship within which the marriage tie was possible, and so in Alabama, Iowa, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania and Texas, a man may theoretically marry his grandmother. Oklahoma is the only state which forbids the marriage of second cousins.

IT is obvious that our present marriage laws are not "the law" as one is too apt to regard them, but simply a temporary stage in a long evolution of law. The New York legislature, for example, has just passed (late March) a bill relative to child marriage. Many other states

have one or more bills pending on some phase of marriage law. The so-called common law marriage, in which the living together of a man and woman under a mere secret agreement constitutes marriage, is still legal in twenty-four states — a hangover from frontier conditions which one is surprised to discover lingering in such states as New York, New Jersey, Ohio, and Pennsylvania.

This welter of varied and varying marriage laws results in confusion, injustice, and sometimes startling abuses.

The situation in regard to child marriages is especially disturbing. According to the Russell Sage Foundation investigators, nearly 700,000 persons now living in the United States participated in a child marriage, that is to say, they either were child brides or were married to child brides. (The term child bride is restricted to girls married under the age of sixteen.) This is a disturbing figure for a country of the cultural and living standards of the United States. A paper published in India, upon hearing of this fact, commented: "It may seem curious to the people of India to learn that these bad customs are allowed in America, which is a country always held up to us as leading in modern ideas and progressive thought."

WHILE some of these marriages were due to lax administration of adequate laws (to this some attention will be directed later), many of them are due to the lax laws themselves. Eleven states actually permit the marriage of girls of twelve. They are Maine and Rhode Island in the New England group, otherwise

noted for excellent marriage laws; New Jersey in the East Central group; Florida, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Virginia in the South; and Colorado and Idaho among the mountain states.

THESE marriages very often come to disaster on one of three counts. Either the child bride suffers a physical breakdown; or the family sinks beneath economic difficulties, the husband being too young to undertake the support of a household; or (if the husband is older) age difference results in incompatibility, ending often in the court of domestic relations.

For their illustrative value a few representative cases are quoted from the findings of the Russell Sage Foundation investigators:

A girl of thirteen married with her mother's consent. When her baby was born it weighed only two pounds and soon died. Her husband has left her.

A child of eleven years was married at a marriage market town in Indiana. The clerk of the court there claims to have on file the written consents of her parents to the marriage. These were sworn to before a Chicago notary. In less than one month the marriage was annulled.

A stepmother had treated her stepchild as a drudge and finally, much against the child's will, arranged a marriage for her when she was fourteen. The girl appealed later to the police for protection. She was placed in an institution and the marriage was annulled.

A girl of fifteen, rescued from a procuress, was committed by the court to an institution. But her parents obtained her release and married her to a young man who proved to be badly diseased. Application has been made for the annulment of the marriage.

Sometimes the reasons actuating the parents are most unsavory, as in this example:

A father of a 13-year-old girl and her prospective bridegroom, aged 49, were both given 30 days in jail, the one for attempting to buy a bride and the other for attempting to sell his child. The price that had been fixed was \$100.

Where the laws themselves are adequate, they are sometimes nullified by lax enforcement. This may be the fault of the marriage license bureau, or of the minister or justice who performs the ceremony. A glance at the license bureau will be illuminating.

IT TAKES, on the average, fifteen minutes to get a marriage license. In most states only the bridegroom need appear, and in several states a license may be obtained by mail. (Two years ago the writer needed a passport; he had to be present in person accompanied by an identifying witness, and had to furnish two photographs signed in his own handwriting and a birth certificate. Getting married, however, is a minor matter one may in some states transact by mail.)

The license clerk is usually a political appointee, who holds office by virtue of faithful service in rounding up the voters in his ward. Such a clerk in upper New York State declared that since he had his job for political reasons, it was clearly his duty to accommodate applicants and make friends for the Republican party. In addition to his probable total lack of fitness for his work, his pay sometimes depends entirely upon the fees he receives, which means that it will be to his financial advantage to wink at evasions of the law.

Results are precisely what one

might expect. In at least three states, Maine, Alabama, and North Carolina, clerks were discovered to be issuing licenses in blank for the convenience of patrons. Unsupported statements as to age are accepted, even when applicants appear to be much younger. Where a witness is required by law, sometimes the "professional witness" is in vogue — who may be a chance-encountered bell-boy or taxi driver who can truthfully testify that he is acquainted with the newly met couple and knows of no impediment to their marriage. And so the marriage mills in license offices grind on at a furious pace, accompanied by the chuckles of a too-tolerant public over the "Cupid industry" while actually the "industry" is turning out bigamists, child brides, and future trouble for the divorce courts.

An extreme example of what may occur when standards are lax is presented by California's most famous Bluebeard. He confessed to marrying twenty-one wives, nine of whom he murdered inside of three years. He had married four of them in the city of Tacoma, living there with all four at about the same time.

NOT all of the 10,000 license issuers and their deputies in the United States are incompetent or negligent. Some are true aids to Cupid, smoothing the path for the worthy and diligently enforcing the law in respect to the unworthy. In some states, too, license clerks are paid solely on a salary basis and not penalized for diligence; and in Los Angeles County they secure their positions through competitive examinations.

Unfortunately, the work of the efficient license dispensers is largely undermined by their negligent brethren. "Try, try again" is particularly effective in getting marriage licenses. If one clerk refuses, try another; if all in one state decline, cross the border to a state with laws more lax.

After the license has been secured, the ceremony must be performed by a minister or justice of the peace. (This is unknown to some of our newer citizens with European backgrounds; having gone through the formalities at the license office, they sometimes go blithely off and begin living together, virtuously believing they are duly married.)

New abuses may arise in the performance of the marriage ceremony. These take the form of carelessness as to seeing that the license is in good order, marrying of drunken couples, stunt marriages, extra charges for embossed certificates, employment of taxi drivers as runners, negligence in checking up ages or getting parental consents.

RECENTLY it was discovered that a certain justice in North Carolina, apparently assuming that "once a justice, always a justice," had been marrying couples for many years after his commission expired. These marriages are technically illegal, and a number of worthy couples are wondering whether they are married or not. To make the situation worse, the State Legislature, asked to legalize these weddings by a bill of convenience, began an investigation instead, thereby throwing all possible publicity on the unfortunate situation.

Indiana newspapers openly admit that the marriage laws of their state are being flouted. To quote a recent editorial, from the *Indianapolis News*:

For more than fifty years the Indiana law required that the license be issued in the county where the bride resides. No attention is paid to this provision, and with the clerks able to obtain extra money through the sale of lithographed certificates — which are not required by any law — the revenue has increased until it has become one of the chief sources of income for such offices. Periodically protests are voiced, but nothing is done to require the county officials to obey the law.

NOT only justices but many of the clergy are chargeable with laxity in administering marriage laws. In one case a girl of fourteen, on presenting a license stating that she was eighteen and exempt from parental consent, was married by the pastor whose Sunday school she attended and whose parsonage was just three doors from her home.

The worst abuses by marriage officiants occur usually in connection with marriage market towns and runaway marriages.

A prospective bride and groom may make a dash by train or speeding motor to another town, "matrimony in view," for a variety of reasons. They may wish to avoid the expense of a formal home wedding, escape publicity, or prevent the pranks of well-meaning friends. They may cross a state line in order legally to take advantage of the loose marriage laws of a nearby state. Or they may wish to be married where they are not known so that they may more safely falsify ages, or contract a bigamous marriage.

Unhappily, just where marriage

laws should be enforced most stringently, they are most lax. All over the United States there are marriage market towns, making a regular business of runaway marriages and the special profits to be derived from ceremonies performed at odd hours and without awkward questions. The Russell Sage Foundation found fifty-seven such towns.

IN EACH of these a commercial Cupid conducts business on the most efficient lines. "Marry you in two minutes" promises one justice. Another advertises in street cars. Another uses blotters with this "high pressure" copy:

When you go through (town) don't fail to see
THE GREAT WHITE WAY
MARRYING PARLORS

You will be welcome any hour of the day or night any day in the year. See the famous Horse Shoe and Bell, under which nearly 10,000 couples have been made husband and wife. Don't miss the chance of your lifetime. . . .

Still another believes in the persuasive power of poetry (?) and prints on his business card this entrancing legend:

If a man loves a girl
That's his business.
If a girl loves a man
That's her business.
If they want the knot tied
That's my business.

Efficiencies extend farther. Trainmen coming into these towns are taught to signal the number of prospective brides and grooms they think they have aboard. Taxi-drivers, in the pay of marrying justices or marrying parsons, pick up the couples, hasten them to the obliging license clerk, and then to the par-

ticular parson or justice who has promised to split the fee with them. Those who come by auto find scouts at the edge of the town who hop on running boards of out-of-state cars and insist that the occupants must surely want to get married. Sometimes the license clerk is in the pay of a particular justice to whom he directs his clients. At other times the justices assemble just outside the license office to quarrel over the young lady and gentleman as they issue from the office. One enterprising Chamber of Commerce went so far as to advertise the advantages of being married in the town it represented.

Quite aside from the unseemly surroundings and undue haste which attend the marriage ceremony in such marriage market towns, the records indicate that in them occur a large proportion of the perversions of marriage laws — particularly bigamous marriages and marriages of those of less than the required age.

THE darker side of the picture of marriage as it is performed in the United States today involves such drab features as these — marriage possible in many states in less than an hour from the decision to marry to the completion of the ceremony; inadequate laws in some states invalidating careful legislation in neighboring states; neglect of the law and commercialization of the marriage ceremony. Life tragedies, and the domestic relations and divorce courts complete the gloomy canvas.

What safeguards may be erected, without abridging our liberties or making marriage undesirably diffi-

cult, with a view to correcting the abuses and avoiding many of the tragedies?

The suggestions which follow are based on the recommendations of the investigators for the Russell Sage Foundation — Mary E. Richmond and Fred S. Hall. Miss Richmond until her recent death was the dean of social case workers in America and a recognized authority on marriage. Mr. Hall has spent many years in the study of marriage laws and is the author and co-author of several books on the subject. These two propose:

Raise the minimum age of marriage to sixteen wherever it is now below that age.

Require advance notice of intention to marry to be filed five days before the license may be issued.

Issue licenses at regular hours only (except in cases of proved emergency), on the basis of proved age, and in the town or county

where the bride or groom resides.

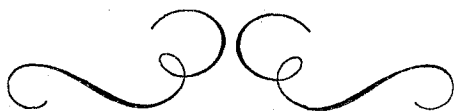
Abolish the fee system for the payment of license clerks; require that they follow up all licenses not promptly reported by officiants as having been performed.

Abolish the fee system for the civil solemnization of marriage and limit the number of justices who may perform the ceremony.

Let religious denominational bodies establish in theological seminaries thorough instruction regarding marriage law, and deal rigidly with the commercial practices of marrying parsons.

Establish a bureau of marriage law supervision in each state, preferably in the office of the registrar of vital statistics.

With such provisions in force the marriage mills would grind with more decorum and less speed, and it is probable that less of their product would need a second grinding through the mills of divorce.



The Utopia of Unity

BY JAY S. STOWELL

Even our ridiculous denominational system, with over 200 Christian sects, is better, says a Congregational minister, than a conglomerate religious colossus

OUR present denominational system is ridiculous!

Yes, of course it is. Quite ridiculous! There is only one thing more so. That is the naïve assurance with which some of its critics suggest panaceas on the assumption that the existing situation is the result of pure cussedness on the part of Christians, coupled with the further assumption that the destruction of denominationalism would be the harbinger of the Kingdom of God on earth.

There is enough cussedness, to be sure, but one who finds in it the cause and in its elimination the perfect cure for denominationalism has failed to get very close to the heart of the matter.

So far as we may judge, denominationalism was born about the time the human race began to inhabit this planet, and it seems destined to continue for some time to come. It has its roots very close to the nature of things as they are. It grows out of the fundamental desire of minorities for the right of self-expression. In politics the minority must subside after election and accept the ex-

pressed will of the majority; in religion there is no such compulsion, for the minority can always withdraw and form a new denomination.

CULTS of various kinds have characterized the most primitive religions, and, during the pre-Christian period covered by Old Testament history, we find the sharpest divisions. The priests and the prophets could never agree as to what religion really was. The priests insisted that it was a matter of ceremony and religious observance; the prophets said it was a matter of the heart and life. The priestly party tried to settle the question once for all by killing the prophets, but that early plan to cure denominationalism did not work out altogether satisfactorily.

As soon as the Christian church was organized, sects arose. There was the circumcision sect which insisted that no one could be a recognized follower of Jesus Christ without practising this Jewish custom. And there was the anti-circumcision sect insisting that circumcision was not essential for the Christian. We read in Acts xv:2 that when these various

claims were set forth, "Paul and Barnabas had no small dissension and questioning with them" — that is, with those who put forward the particular claim for circumcision.

The result of this discussion was the holding of a council at Jerusalem. At that council the "*sect of the Pharisees*" declared, "It is needful to circumcise them, and to charge them to keep the law of Moses." The opinion of the Pharisees did not prevail. As a compromise it was finally decided by the majority, after an impressive speech by Peter, that circumcision would not be required but that Christians must "abstain from things sacrificed to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled . . . Acts xv: 29. This was possibly the most momentous ecclesiastical decision ever reached by any Christian council in the history of the Church, for it established Christianity itself as a sect and erected a barrier between it and Judaism which nearly two thousand years of history have been unable to break down.

THUS, upon a rock of religious formalism, the early Christian community split almost at its very beginning and upon such questions it has been splitting ever since.

Soon other reasons for division arose, and we find the first great Christian missionary criticizing those who said, "I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ."

All down the centuries, outstanding leaders of the church have similarly denounced Christian divisions. But the chief result seems to have been that we now have two hundred

times as many Christian denominations in the United States as existed in the entire world in the days of Jesus, and the religious Census of 1926 recorded 213 denominations as compared with 200 in 1916.

WHAT then are the causes of this grotesque situation in which the followers of the One who came to teach the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man find themselves split up into separate camps?

The fact seems to be that most of our denominations were born out of sincere differences in belief, whether those differences were theological or related to matters of religious form or personal conduct.

It is also fair to say that many of these divisions find their origin in a particular conception of the Bible. Probably nothing has done more to divide Christians into sects than the belief in the verbal infallibility of the Scriptures. Hair-splitting exegesis of biblical passages has played an important rôle in denominational history. Denominations have come into existence because of the particular turn of a biblical phrase or of some special interpretation of a biblical passage.

We find Christians dividing into Calvinists and Arminians, Trinitarians and Unitarians, Premillennialists and Anti-Premillennialists, Fundamentalists and Modernists, Immersionists and Anti-Immersionists. We have new sects created because of a difference of opinion about the Christian Sabbath and we see Christian groups splitting on the basis of their approval or disapproval of lodges and secret orders just as they once split over the question of slav-

ery. They separate on the basis of particular forms of church government (each side incidentally claiming its own to be the biblical form) and on their emphasis, or lack of emphasis, concerning the importance of the "second work of Grace".

THERE are some who claim that Protestant Christianity has formed the habit of protesting and, therefore, keeps at it long after any reason for such protest has disappeared. And their hope, the hope of those who find in denominationalism the cause of all the evils which afflict the Christian church and the real obstacle to the Christianizing of the world, is to bring this heterogeneous mass of different denominational bodies together into one unified group, where fundamental differences will be merged and Christians of every persuasion will be content under a single type of church organization, and, presumably, under a single type of worship, a single type of religious procedure, and a single type of theology and interpretation of social problems and social responsibilities.

One of the strongest arguments for uniting Christians (particularly Protestant Christians, for even the most sanguine do not have the courage to vision the union of both Catholics and Protestants, except possibly at a time so remote as to be of little concern to present generations) in a single body is that of the immense power which they could wield if they were all in one controllable unit. Truly such a body could exert an enormous influence. But would it be the sort of influence which a spiritual church, depending upon saving the

world through spiritual forces, should wield? When one thinks of a great united Protestantism, it is as easy to shudder at the possible dangers as to glow over the excess of power to be made available by such a union. Some resounding reverberations might occur when a great central executive committee undertook to swing forty or fifty million Protestants for Norman Thomas or Herbert Hoover, for an anti-preparedness policy, for a five-hour work day, a minimum wage, an anti-smoking amendment, or a conceivable multitude of other projects.

ONE wonders also what would happen to the minorities within itself when this great juggernaut of a united Protestantism got into action. To be sure, instances are pointed out where Fundamentalists and Modernists, or others of equally divergent views, worship together under a single roof, even work together in a single denominational machine, but a careful analysis of such situations reveals some enlightening facts. In such cases one group can withdraw, so far as active coöperation in a going programme is concerned, or it can surrender its convictions and submit to the wishes and will of the majority in all important matters of policy, thus depriving itself of the type of ministry which seems to it to be important; or both the message and the programme for the entire group may be reduced to a least common denominator which satisfies neither one of the conflicting parties and which often means little to any one else.

Not long ago I stepped into the vestibule of such a church in time to hear the pastor say, "Yes, we want

to be progressive — but not *too* progressive.” He was trying to compose differences, to offend no one. The idea of seeking the truth and letting it lead whither it would did not occur to him, because his main job was to keep the group before him a unit at all costs — or, at least, at what he considered any reasonable cost.

THE common assumption on the part of some that the things on which we differ do not really count is false. They do count. It does make a difference whether a man believes in an infallible Bible or a fallible one. It does make a difference whether one believes in the Virgin Birth or does not; whether immortality is a fact or a myth; whether prayer is really potent or merely a pious exercise; and whether the miracles were actually performed or are ingenious legends.

Unfortunately, perhaps, many of these matters upon which Christian groups differ cannot be settled by scholarship. After centuries of study the most brilliant philosopher has no more light upon the question of immortality than had the most primitive pagan. The question of the Virgin Birth, after nearly two thousand years, is still as much of a debated matter as ever. The only person who could really give first hand information concerning the subject is gone, and she left no record.

The question of miracles is equally difficult. Science may show the improbability of them, but it can never demonstrate their impossibility, and, so long as that possibility remains, there are likely to be individuals who believe in the miracles and to whom such a belief is a vital religious conception.

One matter, however, can and has practically been settled by scholarship. We do know today the nature of the Bible. Criticism has revealed the character of this most important document, and, to those who are familiar with the established facts, certain theories long held are no longer tenable. In this there is hope — except for the fact that millions of evangelical Christians are totally unaware of the assured results of modern biblical criticism or of the materials upon which they are built — but no biblical research will ever solve some of the most debated religious beliefs or settle the question of the nature, meaning and mission of the church and of religion.

IN USUAL practice, however, our denominational differences represent much more than differences in belief.

Often they arise from the fact that we expect so many different kinds of things from our churches. One type of individual desires intellectual stimulation while another prefers emotional freedom. These different types cannot worship together without mutual irritation. One type derives great value from religious forms and ceremonies while to another the same forms and ceremonies are empty of meaning. Try to imagine those two groups getting spiritual nurture out of the same type of service. One large group is interested in saving souls from hell, another is concerned only with a Utopian social order. No one preacher can satisfy both these groups. One well-organized group demands bodily healing from its religion, while another is interested chiefly in receiving spiritual comfort in times of stress and an

assurance of heaven when facing death.

Or in a given community the divisions may serve as the basis for grouping Christians according to race, language, social, and other preferential groups. For the fact is that, owing to the high fluidity of our national population, Protestant churches are more than ever before highly selective in their memberships. Families choose their places of residence with that factor in mind, and they often drive past several churches to find the church of their choice. If they are unable to find a church whose form of worship they approve and whose theology and preaching message appeal to them they cease to attend church altogether. Studies made by the Institute of Social and Religious Surveys have shown that the percentage of church members to population increases as the relative number of churches in a community increases.

THE inefficiency of denominationalism is often the basis for facts and figures being compiled to show that expenses could be greatly reduced, congregations increased and a presumably more effective ministry rendered, if all Christians in a given community would unite in one group. The reaction of religious people to such argument, however, is exactly the reaction of those same people in all of the other activities of life.

Only recently I visited a frontier town, containing an old lumber mill and an abandoned mine. Church organizations were reduced to a minimum, yet there were eight different lodges and fraternal organizations and clubs.

Just think, for example, how much more economical and more efficient it would be if, instead of having so many different makes of automobiles, we had a law permitting the manufacture of Buicks only. There is no conceivable reason why the affairs of men would not continue to be cared for with one style of car. The only adverse argument is that it simply won't work. Yet while we shout of the waste in maintaining more than one church in a community we see nothing illogical in the maintenance of a score of different automobile agencies, all dispensing their various makes of cars and "wasting" millions of dollars in competitive advertising and salesmanship for which ultimately the consumer must pay — and all to satisfy the whim of individual choice!

ONE of the strong arguments against denominationalism is that in a community divided along denominational lines, it is impossible to organize community life around the church. I wonder, however, if that is fatal. There can be no doubt that there are thousands of communities where the church already is, or should be, the organizing centre for the community life, but there are multitudes of communities where, as yet at least, it cannot be. For example, it is hardly conceivable that, in the many Pacific Coast communities where the Buddhist group is strong, the Methodists would recognize the community leadership of the Buddhists. Nor is it expected, at the present stage of religious thinking, that, in most of our communities, the Protestant group would be content to have the community life

organized around the Roman Catholic or the Mormon organizations; and, to many, even the very name Unitarian or Universalist is anathema. Imagine an Episcopalian rallying to the community leadership of a Holy Roller or a Two-Seed-In-The-Spirit Baptist organization. There are situations in which the church as an organization cannot dominate the life of the community, except by ruthlessly ignoring or destroying minority opposition.

THAT fact however should not discourage those workers in communities where the population is homogeneous enough to warrant the organization of the community life about the church itself. It is merely a recognition of the differences which exist in different communities. Nor should we give way to the pessimism of those who find in denominationalism the clear evidence that the so-called followers of Jesus have not learned the A B Cs of the religion to which they profess allegiance. Possibly the difficulty goes back somewhat further than that and should be charged up to a Creator who has seen fit to produce a world of such infinite variety.

There are, however, certain ways by which unity might conceivably be achieved. The most obvious method is to pass a law. Why not enact legislation making more than one church a crime against the state? True, this method of authority, which has been tried frequently in the past, has never proved an unqualified success. At the moment, I do not recall any religious sect which has been successfully stamped out by external repression. But still!

Another path out of our difficulty might be the path of indifference. A community may be very peaceful because it does not have enough religion to quarrel over. If we can reduce our religious programme and our message to such a point that they offend no one, we will doubtless have peace. Although, of course, we may at the same time succeed in reducing them to the place where it will make little difference whether they continue to exist or not.

When we argue that denominations should stop competing with each other we are really assuming that the matters on which they differ are of no moment. That is too broad an assumption to conform to the facts, for anything that a large number of people think is important, is really important.

It is true that some denominations such as the Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational and some related groups are growing more alike, and individuals shift from one to the other with relative ease, yet in a given community it is often found that these groups do stand for some very definite things.

NOT long ago I visited a community where two churches existed, one a Methodist and the other a Presbyterian, both of them receiving home missionary aid. After meeting with the Methodists I proceeded to criticize them very harshly, indicating that the division of Christians in that community was most reprehensible. After I had finished my tirade an able judge of a state court said: "I agree with most that you have said about the importance of Christians getting together, yet, as a

matter of fact, we cannot work with that other group, and, if you insist upon any such arrangement, you will have to count me out."

THE facts, as they appeared in that community, were that, by chance, the liberal and progressive elements were in the Methodist organization while the Presbyterian group was distinctly of a fundamentalist type, and the two groups did not see any way by which they could merge their activities. In another community the situation might have been reversed, but in the case mentioned the denominational divisions did serve as vehicles by which those two divergent groups were able to function. Possibly the parties concerned exaggerated their differences, but that these very definite differences do exist, no one can deny.

In some practical matters there are still greater difficulties. Take the matter of immersion. On the part of most of those who contend that church unity is held back chiefly by the unchristian attitude of church members, there is an unexpressed assumption that baptism by immersion is a non-essential. To millions of others, baptism by immersion is essential. What then is the dilemma of the individual in a particular community when Christians are all in one organization? If he believes that immersion is an essential rite, can he fellowship wholeheartedly with Christians who at best are faintly amused at his insistence? Should he go outside of his community to be baptized by a pastor who believes in immersion, or shall he remain to be immersed by an accommodating local pastor who will immerse him

but who thinks the whole procedure a little foolish?

If, on the other hand, the pastor of the community church believes in immersion, shall he force all comers to be immersed or administer for their convenience a form of baptism in which he has no faith?

However ridiculous these difficulties may seem on the surface, they are very real. In a country where, by popular referendum, in the year 1928, a sovereign State can approve a law proscribing any reference to or explanation of evolution in the schools and colleges of the state, and where in 1929 the court proceedings of another state reveal wide belief in witchcraft, the church still has some distance to go before anything approaching unity in religious thought or spirit can be achieved.

THERE is, of course, the path of education as the way out of our difficulty, but here again we cannot be altogether optimistic. When Voliva in Zion City stands up and tells us that the world is flat we can laugh at his tirade, for we have the entire public school system committed to the idea that the world is round and actively engaged in teaching that doctrine to our boys and girls. However, in the field of religion we have no such system. The work in Sunday school is done often by volunteer workers, multitudes of whom have had no special training for their tasks and are, in important matters of available fact, no better informed than the individuals whom they are supposed to teach. Our people by the million learn stories from the Bible, but never come to understand what the Bible itself really is, and they get

their first religious ideas from persons quite untrained in matters of religious fact. So long as these conditions exist it will be relatively easy for any leader with personality to come into a given community and find followers for the most improbable religious doctrines and theories.

IN SPITE of these many difficulties, a feeling of unity is growing up in many quarters. This we should welcome and every effort should be made to promote this mutual understanding. Certainly no denominational executive has the moral right to stand in the way of church union in a given community when the time is ripe for such union. In fact in many smaller communities, where the very existence of organized religion is at stake, it may be necessary to ignore the wishes of minorities for the sake of the majority. That may be a part of the price which minorities must pay for living in such communities. It is doubtful, however, whether any consolidation of denominations on a large scale, if accomplished prematurely, would work any real benefit. When such consolidations come they should be the result of a unity already achieved further down the line.

At present the anti-denominationalism movement is in the hands of a group of very delightful individuals. Unfortunately they have one damning fault — they are as alike as peas in a pod! For the most part they all adopt the modern attitude toward the Bible; they think religious ceremony has its values but is not essential; they question the Virgin Birth, but say little about it; they have their doubts about the miracles, but

are usually careful not to broadcast them, lest they offend some one; most of them would insist that they believe in immortality, although in many cases that belief is little more than a pious hope; they are greatly interested in a Utopian social order and very slightly interested in heaven — in short they are as charming a lot of folk as one could meet in a day's drive. Their chief weakness is that they associate most of the time with people who think like themselves, and they live in large cities or in other communities where they can have the kind of religious ministry they desire. Because of those conditions they forget two important facts. First that the things they consider of slight moment are held sacred by millions of people. Second that, in a pinch, they themselves would not be willing to practise the very counsels of perfection which they preach so fluently.

IN OTHER words, let one of these gentlemen move, as a layman, with his family of growing children, into any one of several thousand communities where an unlearned but energetic preacher proclaims three times a week extravagant religious ideas which the newcomer thoroughly disapproves, and one of several things will happen. The victim will try to reform the local church and get thrown out for his pains, or he will seek solace in the radio or a church in some neighboring town, or he and his family will cease going to church altogether. The latter procedure is the most likely, particularly if the new car is running well. One thing is certain, the gentleman in question will not take his children

to church in the morning and then devote his Sunday afternoons to explaining to them that the things the preacher said are not true.

WHAT I am trying to make clear is that in the present state of religious illiteracy, there are limits to any religious unity, and, while we may be willing to let the other fellow hold his own religious opinions without quarreling with him, the most pious of us will object to having unwelcome religious doctrines poured down our own throats or those of the members of our families.

Religious unity would be quite wonderful if people would only be sensible and hold just the religious beliefs which I am sure they ought to hold, but — hang it all — they won't do it. They insist on having ridiculous ideas of their own, and, so long as they do, I am quite content to have them join any denomination they wish — so long as it is not mine.

And, when I say that, I do not wish to be charged with intolerance or snobbishness. Two travellers can make certain concessions for the sake of travelling together; but, if one is going to New York and the other to San Francisco, or if one feels that he must travel by airplane and the other is equally certain that he must not travel by airplane, there comes a time when they must part company, no matter how much goodwill there may be existing between them.

The fact is that, religiously, we are seeking differing ends, and we have some strikingly varied convictions as to the method of reaching those ends. So long as those conditions

exist we must be a little slow about classifying every one who disagrees with us as insincere, stupid and unchristian.

I once read an essay by William James upon the subject, as I recall it, of *This Pluralistic Universe*. The impression it made upon me is still present. Life is too complex to be solved by a single formula. Chemists and alchemists have long sought for the one element which they imagine makes up the universe, but a diversity of elements still remains. Is it possible that in our eagerness to grasp the benefits of the abolition of denominations we are blinding ourselves to some of the possible dangers of a great amalgamation on an organizational basis and forgetting meanwhile to appreciate certain values which are in the long run more potent than organizations themselves?

YES! Our denominational system is ridiculous! We can improve it considerably by tinkering with it and by making combinations here and there, and any one who can help ought to do so, but, like a good many other ridiculous things in life, it is likely to be with us for some time to come, and we ought not, therefore, to give way to despondency when we face it even in its most aggravated forms. It may be better to have a denominationalism for which Christians are ready to strive and sacrifice than a conglomerate colossus too colorless to stir any one's enthusiasm, or so decided in its opinions and so aggressive in its policy that it will straightway split once more into its component parts.

A New Foe of Germs

BY EDITH L. WEART

*Felix d'Herelle, French adventurer in science, believes he
has found an infinitesimal friend of mankind in
the war against infectious diseases*

PROGRESS in medicine in the last fifty years has resulted in an imposing array of achievements — malaria and yellow fever, tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid fever, diabetes and goitre have yielded their secrets and are succumbing to the determined onslaught of scientific methods of prevention and treatment. Now comes the discovery that a large group of diseases which are infectious, cholera, plague, dysentery and others, can be controlled, not by better sanitary conditions nor by injections of supplementary body extracts, but by the use of an agent which acts in the body as a destroyer of the bacteria themselves. Where the bacteria are, there this destroyer is found, waging war on them. The story of its discovery is romantic and the speculations as to its nature are the subject of fierce controversy.

In 1915, with the World War well started, no medical service was of greater importance than the making of vaccines for use in the prevention of disease among the soldiers; though to a scientist nothing could be more boring than the dull routine of such

manufacture. To none could it have been less interesting than to the small, dark, impatient Frenchman of military bearing who was in charge of this work at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, Felix d'Herelle.

BORN in Montreal in 1873, educated there and in Paris, d'Herelle was a man moved by a restless spirit to investigate the far corners of the earth. At the beginning of the century he spent several years as the bacteriologist to the Government of Guatemala, then a year as director of a Government Bacteriological Laboratory in Mexico. In 1908 he was made an assistant in the famous Pasteur Institute. But do not think this meant he settled down confined to Paris. Researches took him to Argentina, Asia Minor and to Tunis. It was this man who, in 1914, was put in charge of the Army Vaccine Division of the Institute.

Later years were to see him given honorary degrees by the University of Leyden and by Yale University; as well as the Leuwenhoek Medal by the Amsterdam Academy of Science. His studies after the war

were to take him to Indo-China, to Holland, to Egypt and India, and finally were to bring him, in 1928, to America as Professor of Bacteriology at Yale. But for the time being, with future honors as yet unhinted, the brilliant and adventurous scientist confined himself to the dull business of making vaccines.

THERE WAS, in 1915, stationed near Paris a squadron of cavalry suffering from an epidemic of dysentery. D'Herelle was making cultures from the excreta of patients from this unit when one day an unusual occurrence attracted his attention — the growth of dysentery bacilli on the agar in the test tube showed areas which were clear; in other words without growth, and therefore apparently sterile, although they were entirely surrounded by colonies of the bacilli. It was as though the agar had been sprinkled with antiseptic solution and growth had been inhibited wherever this had touched. This was certainly very peculiar.

D'Herelle was a busy man, but he was not so dulled by routine that he neglected to direct some of his attention to the areas on which, unaccountably, nothing seemed to grow. He came to the conclusion, after careful investigation, that these clear spaces were not actually sterile, but were colonies of a living form too small to be visible even when present in vast numbers. He found that material from the clear spots could be cultivated (though it was like working with something invisible), but only in the presence of bacteria. Whatever he had found lived at the expense of other or-

ganisms. So, without in the least committing himself as to the nature of his discovery, he called it the bacteriophage, the destroyer of bacteria.

Closer investigation revealed another interesting fact. As all research students in the field well know, when a flask of sterile bouillon containing a small quantity of dysentery bacilli is placed in an incubator, the clear fluid shortly becomes cloudy from the numbers of bacteria present. The longer it stands, and the greater the increase of microorganisms, the cloudier the fluid. D'Herelle took one such clouded flask, and touched the turbid fluid with a loop of wire which he had just previously applied to one of the spots in the test tube which was free from growth. A strange thing took place. After a few hours the fluid became clear again.

ANY bacteriologist, looking at the bouillon then for the first time, would have called it sterile, and rightly, too, for judged by ordinary bacteriological standards it was sterile. But d'Herelle was still not satisfied. It looked as though he had made a real discovery, but he must test it still further. He took a measured quantity of his apparently sterile broth and added it to another flask of bouillon, turbid with dysentery bacilli, as the first one had been. He found again that the liquid became clear, but this time more quickly. Once more the experiment was performed, and again and again. And each time he transferred his material the less time it took for it to destroy the bacilli. It became plain that, whatever the nature of the

destructive agent, it was becoming more virulent, since it acted more quickly. At the end of the series of experiments he was convinced he was dealing with a living, rather than a chemical, principle, since in the latter case the action should have become less with the greater dilution.

D'HERELLE thought he had discovered something entirely new, but scientific discoveries are seldom made in that way, out of a clear sky. Often two observers work along similar lines and report their results almost simultaneously; then there is much discussion as to who shall have the credit. Or a new and original observation may have been presaged by some experiment which was reported, but the significance of which was never realized. So it was with the bacteriophage. As far back as 1896 the apparently antiseptic action of certain waters, especially antiseptic for cholera, had been noticed by Hankin in India. He reported that the waters of the Jumna on leaving the town of Agra contained more than 100,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter, but that five kilometers farther down it only contained 90 to 100. Indeed, it is well known that such epidemics work up stream and not down, as would be expected of an intestinal disease where sanitary conditions are bad, unless some inhibiting action were present. It seems almost certain that Hankin had noted the bacteriophage in action; if so he was the first to report it.

Much later, in 1915 to be exact, only a short time before d'Herelle reported his findings, an English

worker, Twort by name, noticed instances where certain cultures of bacteria on which he was working became transparent; and that matter from such cultures had the power of destroying other colonies of the same bacteria. Many workers believe that he discovered the bacteriophage, and the English always speak of it as the Twort-d'Herelle phenomenon. The action, however, was on a different organism nor was it identical. There are many workers, among them d'Herelle, who hold the action observed by Twort differed from that of the bacteriophage and was not at all the same thing.

As a matter of fact, the destruction of bacterial cultures by some unknown factor was not at all unusual. Bacteriologists had, indeed, often noted that after a culture had grown to a certain point, it would stop, and finally clear up. They were accustomed to call such cultures "suicides" and let it go at that. It took a d'Herelle to realize that the subject was worth investigating.

BUT what of the nature of this material we have been calling the bacteriophage? What is it like, and how does it act? D'Herelle's theories are worth quoting. He believes that there is no doubt that it is a living unit, but does not feel he can say much, as yet, about its nature, whether it is a member of the plant or animal kingdom, though he inclines to the view that it is a definite biological species. For convenience he calls the members of his species ultramicrobes — for he believes them to be 2,000 times smaller than an average sized bacterium. They are not visible through the microscope

and even the ultramicroscope reveals them only as very minute, brilliant points. A liquid could contain several thousand million of them to every cubic centimeter and yet appear perfectly clear. They pass readily through filters which keep back the bacteria. In fact d'Herelle separates the two by the very simple expedient of filtration.

His investigation of the mode of action of the ultramicrobe has led to very interesting discoveries. It appears that the bacteriophage might be called a bacterial parasite, for it actually enters the bacterium and grows at its expense. He believes it to be a definite living entity which can assimilate and reproduce, giving off in the process a secretion which destroys the bacterium by causing it to disintegrate. The bacteriophage, now multiplied to ten or twenty, is set free to attack other bacteria.

IT WOULD appear, however, that the bacteriophage does not always emerge victor in this contest. Sometimes it does not emerge at all. Just as the human body is able to resist the bacteria to which it is constantly exposed, so the bacterium itself is sometimes able to nullify the effects of the secretions of the invader, developing what is called an immunity. It may be that the invading bacteriophage is not very powerful, in which case it may not be able to multiply and its secretions may be destroyed. It may be that the bacterium will develop a protective coating which the phage cannot penetrate; or it may have a high natural resistance. If the organism survives the attack it may become very power-

ful; it might be said that the bacteriophage was sick, but recovered, for the bacteriophage may be looked upon as a disease of bacteria.

THE interplay between the bacterium and the bacteriophage is very similar to that between the onslaught of bacteria on the body and the resistance of the body cells to the attack. When harmful bacteria multiply in the body they give off a substance called a toxin which has a destructive action on the cells. These, so stimulated, respond by the production of a neutralizing secretion called an antitoxin. Although many factors are involved in the fate of a body attacked by disease the mutual action of the secretions of the cells and those of the bacteria is one among many which determines the course of the disease. If the bacteria are vanquished, the body cells, for a time at least, are less susceptible to another attack by the same organism.

D'Herelle's discovery now makes it appear that in addition to the already complicated problem of toxin and antitoxin and immunity there is still another factor to be considered in this struggle in the body; for while the bacteria are pouring forth toxic substances they themselves are being attacked.

Consider the course of such a disease as dysentery from this new viewpoint. When the dysentery bacilli enter the intestine they may find already present a type of bacteriophage which is especially active against them, in which case the invading organisms are killed off at once and no illness develops. However, the bacteriophage may not possess this virulence at the time of the in-

vasion, but may be capable of evolving it. The more rapidly it does gain it, the more speedily the disease is checked. There is a third possibility, for the bacteriophage may be absolutely inactive against the invader, or the bacteria may be extremely resistant, in either event the invader flourishes unchecked and the unfortunate victim dies.

D'HERELLE also believes that there is only one kind of bacteriophage, as opposed to the earlier view that there was a different kind of ultramicrobe for each type of bacterium. He believes there is one species which exists in a number of different strains, some of which are particularly active against one type of organism and some against others, but that the more virulent will attack many different kinds. In his opinion it is only a question of time and work until a strain is isolated which will attack all bacteria.

It must not be thought, however, that these views of d'Herelle on the living nature of the phage have been accepted without controversy. There is no dispute in the minds of investigators that there is some agent which acts destructively on bacteria in the way d'Herelle describes, but there is the greatest lack of agreement concerning its nature. While d'Herelle, and some other workers as well, have many observations to their credit which point to its living nature, there are many other scientists who have just as many opposed facts which, in their opinion, prove the substance to be simply of a chemical, or non-living, character.

Bordet was the first (in 1920) to propound a fairly satisfactory theory

of the phage as a non-living agent. The investigators who have worked along this line have come to believe that the destructive action is due to something produced by the bacterium itself. Just what would cause a bacterium suddenly to change its products into one which was harmful to itself is not known. Taking the view that the bacteriophage is a lifeless substance it is held that it would stimulate the bacteria to the production of further ferments which would then pass out of the cell into the solution to act in a similar way on other bacteria. In some cases the cells would absorb so much water they would swell up and burst. The chemical nature of the phage is the theory held by Bronfenbrenner of the Rockefeller Institute and is the one, in some modification or other, which is gradually becoming very popular.

YET this theory does not explain all the facts, and its popularity may well be due only to a feeling of "general probability," as one writer puts it, rather than because it is really more accurate. At any rate at the present time it is held by dispassionate writers that d'Herelle's theory is the one that explains most satisfactorily the greatest number of observed facts. The whole subject is an open one, and until the bacteriophage has been isolated in a pure state it is hardly likely that any thing definite will be known about it. It is not impossible that an entirely new conception of the nature of bacteriology will attend the solution of the problem. At present there is evidence to support any view put forth.

Regardless of the nature of the bacteriophage, whether living organism or lifeless chemical, no one disputes the effect it will have upon organisms, in the test tube at least. A culture of the phage, which looks like nothing else than clear water, and which is apparently sterile by all the old bacteriological tests, has the power to destroy countless germs, at least in the laboratory. The problem now is to determine whether it will act the same way in the human body. Here is a discovery with endless possibilities — or perhaps with none. It may be a weapon against all disease, or it may be worthless. Workers all over the world are busy on the multitude of problems which the bacteriophage presents.

Even with the true nature of the ultramicrobe still unsettled there have been attempts to turn it to practical use. As it was discovered from working with intestinal contents, it is not strange that the intestinal diseases should be the ones to be studied first.

THE phage has been used in typhoid fever and the results, as reported by a number of workers, seem to be good. The same can be said of its use in that other intestinal disease, dysentery, the investigation of which was the starting point for all this work. Here, too, the use of the bacteriophage has been favorably reported. In Brazil the Institute Oswaldo Cruz has spread over a wide area ampules of the dysentery bacteriophage to fight epidemics of the disease; while a similar extensive use was started by d'Herelle in Egypt.

In this country the chief work on

the therapeutic value of the bacteriophage was done by Larkum, when he was working at Yale. He tried treating cases of kidney and bladder infections with it. He says that there is a great difference whether he is treating a new case or an old chronic one, for in the latter instance he finds that the bacteria which are causing the trouble are very resistant. Here, too, he notes the constant struggle between bacteriophage and bacterium. If the bacterium gains the ascendancy the cases become chronic, while the victory of the phage would mean cure. Good as his results were he regretfully reports that the phage does not act the same in the body as in the test tube. Something inhibits its free action.

THE phage has been used, also, in certain cases of boils and infections, and in infected wounds. A French worker has had good results in treating a large variety of surgical infections. Sometimes he put the phage directly at the site of the infection, in other cases he injected it some little distance away, under the skin. In either case he would get a clearing up of the wound in the least possible time. His experiments disclosed the interesting fact that a phage developed to be virulent against one type of organism was also active against a different type. This is some confirmation of d'Herelle's hope that a phage can be developed whose action will be universal.

Perhaps the most interesting work of all, and the most promising, is that being carried out in tropic countries against that dread disease,

the plague. It has been known for a long time that this disease is transmitted from infected rats to humans by the bite of a flea which lives on both, or by fleas which confine themselves to humans. The problem of the extermination of the plague has, for this reason, come to be considered a sanitary one, extermination of the vermin meaning extinction of the disease. Previously the seasonal character of these epidemics has been accounted for by the fact that the life of the plague-carrying fleas is seasonal; that they die out when the temperature becomes high and the humidity becomes less. This, however, tells only part of the story. It does not explain, for instance, why a severe case of the disease should suddenly, after two or three days, become well.

RECENTLY, Dr. W. Doorenbos at Suez, Egypt, who replaced d'Herelle as chief bacteriologist of the International Quarantine Board, has been investigating the problem in the light of the most recent bacteriological findings. There seems to be little doubt that the bacteriophage plays an important part in the recovery of the patient from the plague, for the ultramicrobe is found in the excreta of convalescent patients even though it was previously absent. It is evident that the ultramicrobes can destroy bacteria in the body as well as in the cultures in the laboratory. It is believed that rats may recover from the disease for the same reason, for investigation has disclosed that the bacteriophage present in the excreta of rats from a district free from plague has no activity against the organism causing

the disease, while those found in rats from plague infested districts show a high degree of virulence. The rats eat the bacteriophage, present on the ground and in the water from excreta of convalescent rats, and so become immune to the disease, or, if they are infected, they recover. This is the probable explanation of the survival of any rats, for they are very susceptible to the plague. Every sick rat is thus a source of contagion, as is every sick human being; every convalescent one is a source from which immunity radiates. The fact that the presence of the ultramicrobes in the body of rats would make them free from attack by the disease would account, also, in part, for the dying out of the epidemic. When every rat had in its system some of the ultramicrobes the disease would no longer have a chance to spread. Since the young rats would not acquire this immunity the epidemic would start anew each year.

THUS it will be seen that feeding the bacteriophage by mouth is one way of protection from the plague; the method employed accidentally by rodents can be, and is being, employed purposely for the protection of humans. The ultramicrobe is best given by mouth. If there are no intestinal organisms which it can attack it will be excreted, but it confers an immunity in its passing which lasts quite a time. That the bacteriophage principle is actually present in soil and filtered water is not a theory but a demonstrated fact.

Unfortunately experiments in the tropics must always be judged with a grain of skepticism, as Dr. Dooren-

bos, who is a jolly Dutchman, is the first to point out. Native health officers are all too much inclined, he tells us with a little laugh (for he is a wise man and is distrustful even of those things which he wishes to believe), to give as facts the data which they think their white chiefs want.

Stories, too, of epidemics being stopped by putting a little of the bacteriophage into the well water must be discounted, for if a native saw a health officer put something into his well he probably would walk miles to get water from some other one.

UNFORTUNATELY, all workers seem to be agreed that the bacteriophage does not react in the body as it does in the laboratory. This, of course, is not surprising when the complex nature of the body fluids with which it comes into contact are contrasted with the simplicity of the artificial laboratory media. For instance, though favorable reports have been obtained of its use in typhoid, the phage appears to be of no value in the treatment of typhoid carriers. This has been explained on the theory that the source of the typhoid infection in carriers lies in the gall bladder, while it has been shown that the bacteriophage cannot act in the presence of bile. This is

just one instance of the complexity of the problems involved in the study of the use of the ultramicrobe in disease.

AT PRESENT, however, bacteriologists seem to be too engrossed in finding out how the phage acts in the laboratory and in discussing its true nature, to spend much time in adapting its use to the public welfare. Such work as has been done is but a start. Franklin, when he drew the lightning down from the sky, and started the study of electricity, did not dream, nor did any of his contemporaries, of telegrams and cables, radios or electric toasters. The bacteriologic world is in the same position. It has a discovery on its hands which it doesn't know what to do with; a sort of white elephant which it realizes is valuable, but which it does not yet know how to harness. One investigator tries this, another something else. An optimist sees the entire conquest of infectious diseases lying around the next corner. Once find out what it is that keeps the bacteriophage from acting in the body with the same force that it acts in the test tube, once set it free from the inhibiting influences of substances present in the human organism, adapt it to destroy more than one kind of virulent organism, then one disease after another may well fall before its onslaught.



Feet of Clay—or Eyes of Envy?

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

Considering the motives which recently have impelled a section of the American Press to prey on Lindbergh's privacy and to attack the Lindbergh Legend

ONE evening in May the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America and their guests were enjoying their annual dinner. The largest banquet hall in New York was scarcely roomy enough for the party, representative as it was of an organization with ramifications all over the world. Governors, ex-Governors, and educators nationally known, were among the speakers. The Assistant Secretary of War had flown from Washington to have his say for the Scouts. Boys in uniform played the dinner music on a brass band, gave demonstrations of field work, and lined the balconies as spectators. President Hoover sent his greetings. And messages were read from absentees.

Among the Honorary Scouts who could not attend was Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. When Chief Scout James E. West rose before the amplifiers with a telegram in his hand and announced that it was from Lindbergh, the applause was spontaneous and riotous. Lindbergh, doubtless, was merely sincere, without thought of a *double entendre*, when he began that telegram with:

"An engagement which I cannot break . . ." But that was as far as the Chief Scout was able to read aloud for some time! The humor of the crowd rose to it. Shouts of laughter and deafening hand-clapping held up the proceedings for several minutes. Affection tinged the mirth on the laughing faces. In that stronghold of boys and their leaders, the idol remained unshaken.

LINDBERGH is still the pattern and the best-beloved hero of the Scouts. In his outstanding traits he embodies the ideal for which they strive. Their concept of manhood is strength and loyalty with gentleness, bravery and kindness, honesty and courtesy, modesty in achievement; for these spiritual and moral qualities are the soul behind the tangible actuality, Service. Service loses its efficacy without them, and degenerates into prattle.

Now, since there is apparently a movement afoot among writers for a section of the so-called "popular" press to pull Lindbergh down in public esteem, let us examine a little more closely the causes of the

Flying Colonel's adulation and emulation by this nation-wide organization of boys. In doing so, we will be taking the Scouts — because of their recent demonstration — as typical of American boyhood. They are American boys, and they like what all our boys like. It is no secret anywhere — except perhaps in certain newspaper offices — that America's boys are strongly for Charles Lindbergh. And, if it is of no concern in those offices, it is of much concern elsewhere, that the ideals of youth be understood and upheld; so that youth shall not be robbed and its joy in a fine and clean manhood withered, its vision of its own immediate future smutted. While every boy worshipper of Lindbergh does not expect to be an aviator, he would like to become the sort of young man that Lindbergh is. Every boy, in his own words, endorses the remark of a Latin-American from one of the countries visited by Lindbergh on his Good-Will Flight: "Wherever he is, Lindbergh is always what you North Americans call O.K. In the air he is a flyer, and on the ground he is a gentleman."

WHEN a code was formulated for the first organization of boys, its tenets were drawn, not from books, but from the natural morale of civilized youth. One who has been privileged to loiter across this continent, not visiting, but living and working, in different localities along the way, in touch with the national psychology in hamlets as well as in cities, can say from experience that American boys — and those young men who were boys very recently — are characteristically courteous,

helpful to strangers, chivalrous to women, kindly toward weaker things including sickly people, small children and animals; energetically eager to do something and to do it well; and not much given to bombast — the latter probably because of their keen sense of the ridiculous; if they don't laugh at themselves, others will!

THE well-springs of this morale, of course, are the American home, the school-house, which has not failed in ethics, whatever it has lacked in English diction, and the church. The same American idealism and the same American environment which have shaped these native American boys, produced Lindbergh. In fact, if there can be such a thing as a standardized American hero, Lindbergh is it. He represents to his countrymen the dominant American character — without its modern defects, superficiality and personal advertising. To Europeans and Latin Americans, he images the best they have heard and read about the United States. By virtue of what he has done, what he *is* has become known — and, of importance — to the world. And his young and younger countrymen see him as a banner-bearer for the national character. He is what they are trying to develop to perfection: in the air, flyers — that is to say, in their work efficient, progressive, excellent, successful — and on the ground, gentlemen. He is a focal point to which young ambition and youthful aspiration may look and learn that great achievement, linked with cleanliness, integrity and modesty, is possible despite all the current shallow patter.

It has seemed advisable to re-examine the true sources of the Lindbergh Legend, because quite another origin is now being claimed for it. Who made Lindbergh a national hero, the best-beloved of his time and generation? *The Newspapers; according to some of them!* Of course (and they honestly admit this), he had to give them a little to go on — such as his Atlantic flight — but it was not the flight which stirred the populace; it was their press stories! They have judged Lindbergh to be ungrateful. He refuses to wear his heart on his sleeve for reporters; and they are wounded by the discovery of this serious moral defect in one whom the generous, but misguided, populace ignorantly worships. So they now feel it their duty to tell the world, while their sobs for a fallen idol and a nation's loyal faith betrayed punctuate the thumping rhythm of their typewriters.

THE only trouble with their sad news — as a sensational seller — is that it is about two years old! Most of us have known from the beginning that Lindbergh was like this and that numerous newspapermen disapproved of him because of it. We had heard of his refusal to answer what he bluntly called “silly” questions about his personal habits, tastes, favorite necktie, and his thoughts on girls. He could have had columns of this sort of sloppy publicity with pictures; keeping his name and face before the public daily, while catering to all that is cheapest and most trivial in the mob. His refusal to descend to it is one of the reasons why America loves him and trusts him. He has a higher opin-

ion of his countrymen and a truer understanding of them than has the sob-sister press, which is still pedaling along on the old bicycle twenty years behind the generation to which Lindbergh and his achievement belong and which exchanges with him both understanding and respect. He has never refused to feed reporters facts about aviation. But he has let them starve miserably for apple sauce. And that noisy but not representative section of the populace, which is also a glutton for the stewed pippin, has starved too, along with its favorite news sheet.

IN TIME, hunger instigates to revolution. Secret gastronomic forces long brooding and boiling in the shadow of the spleen, are now filing out into the open with their squirt guns. Certainly, the rest of us can see that, from the sob-sister's viewpoint, the Flying Colonel has been a disappointing fiancé! The press waited on him to count his pulse and x-ray his heartbeats; and he would have none of it. With columns and headlines his for the taking, if he would but speak like the hero of a sentimental talkie, he had “nothing to say.” We — and we are a very considerable portion of the public — who can take a bird's eye view of these States, feeling ourselves not alien to their traditions, liked him for his reticence about the girl, just as we have always liked him for his reticence about himself. And our sympathies were not with the press when we learned that the young lady's family had been forced to ask police protection for their home. It seemed to us that an Ambassador's signal services to his country de-

served better of his countrymen; and perhaps especially of his country's press, which (presumably) leads the nation's mind.

RECENTLY an incident occurred (or did it?) which those editors and correspondents, who are now going — oh, so reluctantly — to tell the truth about Lindbergh, seized on with a somewhat suspicious unanimity and alacrity. The news item would seem to be that Lindbergh's plane, alighting on Bolling Field in Washington, splashed mud on some of the spectators, including press representatives. These editors and correspondents are broadcasting the statement that he "deliberately taxed" his plane in a way to "douse" the people with mud; to show his contempt for the worshipping public! It is obvious, of course, that if some of the crowd were mud-spattered, it was because they were where they had no right to be; too close for their own safety or the aviator's. Liquid mud will only fly a very short distance from any wheels: a fact easily demonstrated after any heavy rain. To the nonpartisan observer the attitude of the indignant critics seems to be exactly of a piece with that of another editor who, a year ago, made an attack on Lindbergh for passing over a field in which all the town had gathered to see him alight and landing on an empty one further on. An affront to the public from a youth with a "swelled head"! When Lindbergh was asked about it, he replied that the crowd made a safe landing impossible. He said that he had seen people killed by propellers and did not intend that any one should ever be killed by his.

He has given the public this warning repeatedly; they have ignored it, and he has therefore "insulted" the crowd several times by landing elsewhere. The newspapermen themselves oddly forget how often they have reported Lindbergh on this subject. Have they also forgotten one of their own craft, who ignored another aviator's warnings, about propellers, and was killed?

There are two kinds of mud-slinging; and, while only one is mentioned in these press stories, the other is more in evidence.

In one recent article we were told that newspapermen were "disillusioned" about Lindbergh before he had been home from France a week, yet suppressed their feelings and went manfully about "the task of erecting the basework of his lofty pedestal"! After having a good laugh over that, we are in the proper light mood to enjoy the discovery that the reputation, which the press has so kindly given him, is now a "Leaning Tower of Pisa." A Tower of Pisa on a pedestal? Architects please write. Classical allusions, however, are always distinguished.

PRESENTLY we come on another type of article, headed *Lindbergh Splashes Mud* and couched in terms of sentimental regret. It is written by one who, he confides to us, assuming our interest, is gray-headed and remembers Dewey. When "the boy" (thuh boy-oy) gave the gray-haired man "one May night" that wonderful thrill, he "registered a vow, very privately" — (but for the phrase about his gray hair he could have added "at Mother's knee") — that even if, later, "the lad" turned out

to have "feet of clay," *he* would remain "faithful to his vow" for the sake of that "wonderful thrill" which didn't "cost him a penny."

Let us loiter to consider that free-of-cost thrill. The editor is quite right in calling it that. It didn't cost him a penny. It occurs to us that an editor who can remember as far back as Dewey is old enough to remember that the later penny-free thrill netted his paper thousands of dollars and did the same for the whole press of the nation. For Lindbergh is the daily newspaper's ever-flourishing best seller. It just happens, however, that there are days, many days, when he prefers to concentrate on his own work, instead of on the gratuitous task of selling other men's papers. What a pity!

WHAT has happened to the press? These newspapermen appear to have lost, not merely their sense of humor and sportsmanship, but all sense of proportion as to their own importance in the social scheme. Don't they still know that the public, by and large, individually and collectively, cares absolutely nothing about a newspaperman's, or a newspaperwoman's hurt feelings? In short, the public values the newspaperman's wrath, tears and "vows" precisely as his own chief does: to whom they are less than the dust! (Twelve years' experience as a newspaperwoman are behind this statement.)

Furthermore, if certain pressmen do want to try the risky expedient of pulling Lindbergh down to avenge their personal woes, they have shown little acumen in making the trial at the time of Lindbergh's engagement and marriage; when public

hero worship has been intensified by all the tender sentiment in the nation toward youth in love. The people saw the girl's picture in the papers, they liked her face and took her to their hearts; and they have resented the attacks on Lindbergh doubly, for her sake. It would seem that news writers have exhibited a complete ignorance of psychology. Like the centipede who overslept, they got off, in their haste, on several wrong feet at once.

WHICH brings us to the place where we may ruminate a while on what a famous artist has called Platonic Envy. Once jealousy was thought to be the prerogative and special vice of lovers. Later its scope was seen to extend to actors. Presently the philosopher, looking out from under his skull cap, discerned something very like it animating political leaders; he saw scientists who could take time off from the pursuit of knowledge to snort at one another; Archbishops not in tune; authors who loved literature less than they hated other authors; two social lights of the same set, seeking to douse each other's glim. And this, too, was vaguely comprehensible, as a not wholly unnatural phenomenon of the possessive natural affections. But Platonic Envy, the plague of modern life, jumps the old classifications. Poisonous as the malarial swamp, insistent as the roach at every entry crack, hungry as the moth for the garment of praise; nipping, nipping, like the horsefly in the barnyard and the housefly in the home, the newer jealousy acknowledges no bond with natural affection. It flaunts and

works and spews, admitting no check of decency and scuttling to cover only at the shout of ridicule. A ticket seller is jealous of a movie star, a fashion magazine editor of a Pulitzer prize winner, a bootlegger of a banker and vice versa, a reporter of an aviator; and the shake-your-hand type of calcium addict is jealous of any hero of the day whose fame outlives a day.

COMPARATIVELY few of the New Platonists really wish to change places with those whom they first cheer, then envy and decry. They do not desire to experience, even in memory, the labor and self-discipline which have preceded the achievement and the fame. The cigar vender would not take the jockey's risk; but he wants his money; and he would feel a real thrill, such as a Derby winner in action could never give him, if he could see his own picture in print. The type of ringside spectator who sneered at Tunney and wanted to see him lose, would welch at a closed fist threatening his own face. He would not undergo the discipline which helped to make Tunney a superior boxer; no, not even to walk through a fight that had been "fixed" for him.

Those who resent the modest rewards won by hard workers in the arts, are themselves never willing

to stand the gaff; and this recognition of their moral inferiority adds to their rancor. They are generally individuals who left college with the ambition to become limelit authors, painters, and so forth; and who fled to the security of salaried jobs as soon as the going got rough. We have all read, and often, of presidents who were denied coöperation in national projects by those watchful of the jealous dignity of an old gentleman with the rather curious name of August Body.

SEVERAL of us, too, without gray hair, can remember Dewey, and Grant, Peary, and Columbus; even if we did not know them personally. And we can also recall that public-spirited citizen of still an earlier day, who desired to see a just man ostracized because he was tired of hearing him praised.

Vandalism is no new thing, and its envy and greed are not new, although they show new phases today and their tactics have changed somewhat, to make use of the larger number of avenues.

Nevertheless, the Lindbergh Ideal is safe. Enlightened intelligence is widespread enough in our Nation to crush this new attempt to crush a hero. Neither mobs nor newspapers gave Lindbergh what he has. They cannot rob him and us.



The Case Against the Book Clubs

BY FREDERICK A. STOKES

Authors and the reading public, says a noted publisher, are no less injured than himself and the bookstores by the vogue of literary package goods sold by mail

BOOK clubs constitute a new development in book distribution in the United States which deserves the thoughtful consideration of everyone interested in the welfare of authors, booksellers, publishers, and the reading public.

These organizations have become so numerous and powerful, with dealings running into millions of dollars annually, that their operations should rightly have the careful scrutiny which they have lately been receiving from those whose interests are vitally affected.

Credit for the original club plan in this country is claimed by Samuel W. Craig, who incorporated The Literary Guild in 1921, although it was five years later when adequate financial support was found actually to launch the enterprise. In a printed statement Mr. Craig has referred to Germany as having "a score or more of such societies"; but the German associations, such as "Volksverband der Buecherfreunde," perform the functions of publishing houses, distributing books of their own manufacture and publication to their subscribers, so that the analogy is

imperfect and the comparison creates a wrong impression.

IN 1926 The Book-of-the-Month Club was founded. Its growth from modest beginnings to a venture of large financial importance, covering the entire country, has been due to two enterprising young business men, Robert K. Haas and Harry Scherman, its present executives. Mr. Haas had had experience in the mail order business and Mr. Scherman had been trained in advertising. With great acumen they engaged the services of five distinguished critics and authors to act as judges in deciding upon "the book of the month." Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, as chairman of this committee, has had the coöperation of Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley and William Allen White, in settling monthly the important question — implicit in the very name of the club — of the book to be crowned as *the* book of the month.

In securing its one hundred thousand subscribers the club has employed a beautifully printed pamphlet embellished with portraits of its

five eminent judges. The tone of the cleverly worded text of this pamphlet is so beneficent that it might well arouse the emulation of any great philanthropic association in making an appeal to the public.

Solicitude for the struggling author is expressed almost pathetically: "At last it solves, in a highly practical way, the age-old problem of proper encouragement to authors. The life of an author who is poor is tragic."

So they proceed to alleviate the poverty-stricken condition of H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, Emil Ludwig, André Maurois, Sinclair Lewis, Booth Tarkington, Edna Ferber, Edith Wharton and others, and to remove the tragedy from the life of Bernard Shaw!

SOME of the claims made deserve careful study in the light of recent developments. They are given here precisely as printed by the promoters of the club. References to *the* book and to the wholly comprehensive scope of the examination of current books are made in the following quotations:—

"All the new books, whoever the author or publisher, are considered."

The subscriber "keeps informed about *all the important books*."

"How the important book of the month is chosen."

"The best that is published."

"*A majority of these five individuals*" (the Committee) "has to give a book *first place* among all the books chosen." (The italics are theirs.)

(A slight qualification is printed: "The book must appeal to the reading public as a whole, not to special classes.")

And from an advertisement in *Harper's Magazine*: "The best new book each month is selected by this committee."

At any rate, the pamphlet and the presentation of its most telling points through vast and continuous advertising — largely, it is to be noted, in the same mediums used by American publishers generally — have been exceedingly effective. Whether awed by the reputations of the eminent judges, tickled by the idea of membership in a club, or convinced by the brilliancy of the arguments put forth, subscribers have flocked to The Book-of-the-Month Club by scores of thousands.

NEXT to this club in the number of subscribers is the prosperous Literary Guild, now claiming a membership of about seventy thousand. As with its greater competitor, it attracts followers through the prestige and portraits of "an eminent Board of Editors, headed by Carl Van Doren." The other authors and critics serving on this board are Burton Rascoe, Hendrik van Loon, Zona Gale and Joseph Wood Krutch.

The Guild circulates an attractive and effective pamphlet entitled *Wings* and advertises heavily. In its tempting offers to readers it stresses mostly that easiest and none too admirable method of taking business from competitors — price cutting.

In a circular letter of last January the statement is made by the Guild that "the total retail price of any past twelve selections has been twice that of the annual subscription fee. In the future this saving will very likely increase."

In a recent advertisement the

Guild claims to have saved its members a very large sum of money last year. In the same advertisement is the statement: "You can now have the twelve best books of the year delivered at your door, one each month." (See the claims of The Book-of-the-Month Club. And yet the books are quite different.) "They are selected from manuscripts *before* publication."

In *Wings* the Guild states that "its past has proved beyond the slightest possible doubt that American readers prefer the type of books issued by the Guild to the general run of undistinguished writing which floods the market daily. . . . You want to read and own the *best*."

"As a member of the Guild you profit by the distinction of being associated with so important a literary movement and at the same time place your impress upon the tendencies of future writing in America."

Harold Guinzberg and Milo S. Sutliff are the presiding geniuses in the promotion of Guild activities.

NEXT in importance and interest among book clubs stands The Book League of America, of which Isaac Don Levine is the managing editor. It also is provided with an imposing array of literary celebrities: Edwin Arlington Robinson, Hamilton Holt, Frank L. Polk, Van Wyck Brooks, Gamaliel Bradford, Edwin E. Slosson, and Eugene O'Neil. The Book League issues one new book monthly in paper-covered magazine form (called *The Book League Monthly*) and one older book of standard nature in cloth. The *Monthly* contains reviews of current books and other features.

At the present writing there are

eight other book clubs for adults, and the idea has been extended into the children's field, where there are now four clubs including The Junior Literary Guild, which, in an advertisement printed as recently as April 28 promised to provide "the twelve best books of the year for young readers at the same cash saving Guild members have been realizing for more than two years — on adult books.

"The books will be carefully picked from the lists of all publishers before publication." (Again "best" and "all publishers"!)

NEARLY all these twelve clubs, like The Book-of-the-Month Club and the Literary Guild, are provided with important editorial boards or committees of selection. Their methods of operation otherwise and the requirements made in their dealings with publishers vary. Some of the criticisms leveled at book clubs by the public press, by publishers and booksellers, and by individuals of importance do not apply to all these organizations; but many of them require from publishers a much larger discount — or its equivalent — than that established by the custom and necessities of years in the book trade, even for the largest wholesale dealers, such as The American News Company and The Baker and Taylor Company. The publishing business of the United States would soon become bankrupt if such discounts were given generally. The temporary advantage gained by publishers in dealing with the clubs, due to mass production and the necessary reduction of authors' royalties, seems to be regarded by them as "so much

velvet", regardless of present consequences for booksellers and possible future misfortunes for publishers themselves.

AFTER this brief survey of the purposes and claims of the various clubs already organized it may be illuminating to consider the views of some of their critics. These have been made public recently, largely because of the choice as the book of the month for March last of *The Cradle of the Deep* by Joan Lowell. Of this book, the club's publicity organ said — after giving an account of the author's sixteen years of life on the *Minnie A. Caine*, where she learned to steer, reef, and spit like a sailor — "This is her story — of what she beheld, what she learned, and the experiences she underwent — written, every word of it, by herself."

These experiences were questioned, especially by Lincoln Colcord, and several of them were proved never to have been "experienced." The disclosures caused a widespread sensation.

Meanwhile, the president of E. P. Dutton and Company, John Macrae, a noted publisher of high standing and many years of honorable service, who for three years had been president of the National Association of Book Publishers, expressed publicly his resentment at the choice of this book in comparison with *The Pathway* by H. Williamson, which he regarded as one of the finest novels he had read during his long career. He expressed also the feeling that the details of the way in which the book was chosen were open to question. At this juncture Mr. Heywood Broun, one of the Selecting Commit-

tee, in a letter to the editor of *The New York Evening Post* said, among other things, "There was no agreement. Each judge voted for a different book as his first choice. . . . I think it was Dr. Canby who objected that, while *The Cradle of the Deep* was readable it had no literary merit. This maddened me to flights of eloquence. It seemed to me that the Book-of-the-Month Club sent out too many worthy books. . . . By dint of talking I managed to get several judges to say that they would vote for *The Cradle of the Deep* as their second or third choice. This sufficed to put it over."

THEN followed a long and careful statement signed by the entire five members of the Selecting Committee and explaining how, as a result of a prolonged discussion, all four judges present at the meeting, and the fifth over the telephone, decided on *The Cradle of the Deep*. The statement includes the following comments:

"All of the judges, it should be explained, from data submitted in good faith by the publishers, believed this book to be a great deal more factual than it later turned out to be.

"It should be said that three of the committee — Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Henry Seidel Canby, and Christopher Morley — felt that *The Cradle of the Deep* was commonplace as writing and only voted for it as an interesting human document.

"It will thus be seen that Mr. Macrae's implication — that this book was sent out over the adverse vote of a majority of the judges — is unfounded."

The New York Evening Post commented on this statement in the

following words: "The Book-of-the-Month Club . . . favored us last night with another long statement about the way in which *The Cradle of the Deep* came to be chosen. . . . From all the statements by the individual judges . . . an official version has now been evolved. It differs from several but, like a document of international diplomacy, it covers all."

Mr. Macrae supplemented his attack on the workings of the jury system by the announcement that his important publishing house would cease to offer books to the clubs, and by general criticism of the methods of these organizations expressed in a vigorous manner.

LATE in April, Frederick A. Stokes Company sent out the following open letter, which explains itself:

"From this date forward we shall offer none of our publications to the Book-of-the-Month Club, The Literary Guild, and all other similar organizations, except when our authors insist upon it. (One contract already made must be fulfilled.)"

"Our chief reason for this decision is that we are now fully convinced that the interest of booksellers is adversely affected to a serious extent."

"The first article of our creed as distributors of books is — we believe in the bookseller. The country's need of efficient and successful booksellers carrying representative stocks of books can hardly be questioned. Injury to them is injury to the entire book world. . . ."

"New authors — many of great promise — also are injured because of the concentration of publicity on the so-called books of the month

and the difficulty of getting a hearing in competition with the noisily exploited monthly selections. The few chosen are helped; the others, in many instances of greater merit, are finding it increasingly hard to get a foothold. . . ."

"The greater the number of subscribers, the greater the need of close attention on the part of the club managements to the acceptability of their selections to the average taste of subscribers, with a probable downward tendency in quality. A long impressive list could already be made of books of high quality that would have been missed by subscribers limiting their reading to the books chosen for them by the clubs. Better guidance would be provided by booksellers, librarians, and literary journals."

"HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN in *The Chicago Daily News* has produced excellent evidence to this effect from a pamphlet which, as he says, Mr. Christopher Morley, one of the selecting committee of the Book-of-the-Month Club, once wrote, called *A Letter to Leonora*. Mr. O'Brien says 'It is a delightful little essay, from which I have culled the following thoughts:

If I were writing a letter to Leonora to-day, the one thing I should urge her would be to be a little more of an explorer; to be a little less fashionable; to buy more of the books of which fewer people have heard."

The much-bruited books, for the most part, will sell themselves; what makes real booksellers happy — and they deserve happiness — is the occasional heaven-sent customer who shows the happy hunting instinct."

The book store is one of humanity's great engines, and one that we use very imperfectly. . . . Aren't we ever going to leave

anything to destiny, or to good luck, or to the happy suggestion of some wise bookseller?

One has to struggle hard against one's impulse to make out lists of suggestions for our modern Leonora to go pioneering on her own hook.

The truth probably is that in the matter of stumbling upon the books we need, and very often don't know we need, we all require help. And better than all the help the mandarins of letters can give us is what a great and well-stocked store does in simply having the books there.

So the best I could do for Leonora is to try to inoculate her with the bookstore habit, dropping in and browsing round and asking questions. And when I hear that Leonora has bought a book, not because she has heard of it — but because she had *never* heard of it and it looked interesting — I shall know how she's grown.

“WHILE the eminent judges are doubtless sincere and generally of high attainments and character, it seems physically impossible for them — especially in view of their other activities — to read many except the comparatively few books which are permitted to reach them. Furthermore, certain publishers have for some time been unwilling to offer them the work of authors who have already earned a great following. Possibly, in view of recent occurrences, the prominent authors and critics who serve as judges may question the wisdom of lending the prestige of their names and portraits to ventures of dubious value to the book interests of the country.

“We have no exaggerated ideas of the importance of the step we are taking, which is free from animosity, taken without conference with other publishers and uninfluenced by the fact that some of these clubs have refused such works as we have offered them. We regard it as a step de-

manded at this time by sound publishing policy, in keeping with our attitude of years toward booksellers and librarians and with our wish to have the courage of our convictions.”

THE letter above quoted caused the press of the country to print sympathetic comment with practical unanimity and brought a flood of answers from booksellers large and small, in various parts of the country, telling, sometimes pathetically, of business lost and injury done through the activities of the book clubs.

Here are two examples taken almost at random from these reports from booksellers:

The book clubs are seriously affecting the volume of retail business in the bookstores. . . . It is becoming hard to dispose of even the few books we buy which are undoubtedly meritorious but which have not received signal recognition.

The smaller book shops, like ourselves, have been seriously hurt by the clubs, and we estimate that at least ten thousand dollars goes to those mail order houses from Blank alone.

Then followed an interview in *The New York World* with John W. Hiltman, head of the great house of D. Appleton and Company, and the first President of the National Association of Book Publishers, where his work in behalf of all the book interests was marked by great brilliancy.

The *World* interview credits Mr. Hiltman with believing that the statements that the pick of the publishers' lists are being chosen and that their clients are getting the best books of the year have gulled the public. The *World* adds: “This” (the sales of the twenty-four selections of the two leading clubs) “takes

six million dollars annually from the book-buying public, Mr. Hiltman says, and as he does not believe the book clubs have increased the regular book-buying public, the bookseller has difficulty in getting rid of his books."

"As to its educational value, Mr. Hiltman believes the book clubs hurt more than help. . . . He found, he said, that in the case of a standard author such promotion was of no real aid in selling the book. This has led him to the conclusion that the publishers will tend to keep their best sellers out of the book clubs. He further believes that the young writer loses from the book club system in that, while he may have a worthwhile book, that book may easily lose out over a book exploited as the book of the month."

AMONG recent pertinent comments on the book club system have been the following:

Dr. Edward F. Stevens head of the Pratt Institute Free Library, referring to such book clubs generally, wrote: "No more profitable and insidious advantage of credulity has ever been taken in the world of literature. Its disastrous effect on the honest business of bookselling, also its emasculation of the human mind whereby everyone loses the power of his determination in reading, are appalling."

Harry Salpeter wrote in *The Outlook*:—"The judges no longer choose books by an inflexible standard of quality—if ever they did—but are governed by the extrinsic consideration of picking a book every month that will be suitable to the largest

common denominator of, say, 100,000 subscribers. Absolute values, if they were ever considered, have been admittedly ditched. The larger any one book club becomes the less possibility is there that a *Mr. Fortune's Maggot* or an *Orphan Angel* will be chosen, and the greater the chances for *Trader Horns* and *Cradles of the Deep*, both of them types of the 'made' book rather than of creative literature."

Robert E. Rogers, Professor of Literature at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is reported as saying that the book club selections "are, in many cases, not even an approximation to what the average intelligent reader wants."

Edmund A. Whittier, Secretary-Treasurer of the American Fair Trade Association, in a telegram to the President of The American Booksellers Association, said in part: "Congratulations upon your stand on the book club question. Without reflecting upon the motives underlying these movements to divert trade from its normal and wholesome channels, I think there are other and more vital social grounds than those reported from your address upon which to challenge these parasitic growths."

THE address referred to by Mr. Whittier was that of President Arthur Brentano, Jr., at the opening of the Annual Convention of The Booksellers Association recently held in Boston. Among others, Mr. Brentano made the excellent point that a great growth of the book clubs would tend to discourage authorship.

On the very eve of this convention

a libel suit, claiming damages of \$200,000 was brought by the Book-of-the-Month Club against Mr. John Macrae and his Company. Undisturbed by this attack, Mr. Macrae delivered a strong address against the clubs, supplementing the opening address of the President of the Association. At this meeting the following resolutions (here given in part) were adopted:—

There is no "best" book of the month. The word "best" implies a selection from things that are comparable.

There are many superb books published in each month and in each field, each having its own intellectual or emotional appeal.

The attempt to choose a "best" book from this mass of varied excellence and interest is an absurdity. It is an intellectual sham.

It is beyond the physical powers of any limited committee of six or seven professional writers to cover the whole field. Furthermore, with all due respect to such committees, it is beyond their intellectual qualifications.

The self-styled "clubs" and "guilds" are commercial organizations and are run for profit. They are not colleges, or universities, or national academies, royal societies, or even meistersingers. The judgments of their paid committees, however honest the committeemen may endeavor to be, are expected to produce a commercial result.

The books that are sold by these "clubs" or "guilds" receive an amount of concentrated and factitious advertising which is detrimental to the sale of scores of other books in the same field of an equal or superior order of merit.

The influence of these "clubs" and "guilds" tends to the acceptance of books on "authority" and to the making of moguls out of otherwise excellent committeemen.

The methods of marketing books through these "clubs" and "guilds" are detrimental to the interests of authors, of publishers and of booksellers through whom, if at all, the cultural needs of the people at large must be supplied.

The practice of permitting the officers or

employees of these "clubs" and "guilds" to inspect manuscripts or proofs in advance of publication in order that their committeemen may be presented with a narrow choice out of a field which they could not by any possibility consider in its entirety is the root of a parasitical growth which is infesting the whole field of authorship, publication and bookselling.

At the Annual Meeting of The American Library Association, recently held in Washington, in the references to book clubs made by various speakers there was a reflection of disapproval. Dr. H. B. Van Hoesen, Secretary of the American Library Institute, took "'Best Book' Lists a Peril to Our Scholarly Profession" as his theme. He showed the changing concepts on which "best book" lists were based in various periods and by varied compilers. Both by implication and admonition he pointed out the mental laziness and intellectual confusion which are likely to result in over-indulgence in such lists.

Apropos of certain of the criticisms quoted in this article, it may be of interest to present the titles of a few (only) of the books not chosen as Books of the Month, or as Guild best books:

The Bridge of San Luis Rey by Thornton Wilder (Pulitzer Prize winner)
Death Comes for the Archbishop by Willa Cather
Swan Song by John Galsworthy
Orlando by Virginia Woolf
To the Lighthouse by Virginia Woolf
Elizabeth and Essex by Lytton Strachey
Brook Evans by Susan Glaspell
Jalna by Mazo de la Roche
The Grandmothers by Glenway Westcott
A Good Woman by Louis Bromfield
The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg by Louis Bromfield
Early Autumn by Louis Bromfield (Pulitzer Prize winner)

Mother India by Katherine Mayo
The Magic Mountain by Thomas Mann
Black April by Julia Peterkin
Scarlet Sister Mary by Julia Peterkin
 (Pulitzer Prize winner)
Destiny Bay by Donn Byrne

The publisher of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* is reported as saying that he "delayed publishing for three months, in an effort to induce one of the book clubs to publish it, but it was refused by them because 'it was a fine book which would have no popular appeal.'"

Among biographies were the following Pulitzer Prize winners:

Whitman by Emory Holloway
The American Orchestra and Theodore Thomas
 by Charles Edward Russell
The Training of an American by Burton J. Hendrick

Among volumes of poetry was the Pulitzer Prize winner, *Fiddler's Farewell* by Leonora Speyer.

HERE it may be stated that at the present time no book is eligible to be the first selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club if it is published at a higher price than \$3.00, or if its publishers are unwilling to make a discount of 70 per cent to the club.

Apropos of this discount — unprecedented in the annals of American publishing — it is worth mention that the publishers' discount to this club began at 50 per cent. Then came from the club an Outline providing for a new plan involving three classes of books: — Class A at a discount of 70 per cent; Class B at a discount of sixty per cent and 5 per cent; and Class C at a discount of 60 per cent. The plan states that "all these books will be submitted as

now, with the exception that the publisher puts each book in the classification he wants it to be; although books will be sent to the Committee as now — *the members of the Committee will not be informed as to the classification the books are in.* In other words, they will be enabled to read the book with free minds, undisturbed by any knowledge as to the discount the publisher offers upon them. The Committee will then meet in conference, as it now does, once a month, and will cast its vote. If at that meeting it develops that the decision is a close one, the Committee may, at its option, call for information as to the classification each book is in. . . . It simply means that *in close decisions* they would tend to favor Class A books."

Then came the plan for a uniform discount of 70 per cent, which is now prevailing. As to even this, the Book Club claims that the terms given to the Literary Guild by publishers are even less advantageous to those publishers and their authors than those of the Club. The Club asserts, justly, that on books required by perhaps one-third of its members as substitutions for "The Book of the Month" only regular discounts are received from publishers.

SO much for the greatly discussed matter of the discounts involved in these transactions, and so much for the criticisms of the book clubs. In fairness it should be said that some critics admit the clubs have created new readers, and have aroused the attention of hesitant book-buyers by their large and clever advertisements and by impressing such possible readers with the author-

ity of the selecting committees. They have also insured regularity of purchases through their plan of supplying a book every month. And, to a very small percentage of new authors they have brought far larger returns than those authors would otherwise have received.

But it is strongly felt by many who should be in a position to estimate the weight of matters involved, that these benefits are greatly overbalanced by injuries to booksellers, to the average reader, and to the vastly larger percentage of overshadowed authors.

THE publishers thus far criticizing the book clubs do not claim that their comments are based on the fact that their own houses invariably publish creative literature of the highest class. This is impossible for the average publishing houses, which, in order to exist, must bring out books of mere entertainment, sometimes of the lightest sort, and perhaps even trivial. The test with them should be: "Is the kind of book permissible and is it good of its

kind?" On the other hand, nearly every important American publisher does indulge himself occasionally in issuing a work of high quality which is not at all likely to produce anything but a loss financially, but which is issued for his satisfaction and prestige. This can hardly be done by a book club, for obvious reasons.

HOWEVER, time alone will test the ultimate service to the reading public of these organizations. Doubtless some of the clubs will march on with strength, while others may fall by the wayside. At any rate, the discussion has raised questions which should have universal appeal:

Are the efficiency and prosperity of the bookseller likely to be impaired?

Are the difficulties of the great majority of struggling authors likely to be increased?

Are the prescriptions of selecting committees wholesome for the reading public?

Why should there be book clubs at all?



Are Hospital Costs Too High?

BY CLEON C. MASON, M.D.

A doctor examines current complaints against hospital bills and insists that, compared with other charges in our luxury-loving age, they are low enough

A NUMBER of years ago a kindly old gentleman decided that his city needed a hospital where the poor could go, where the rich could go, where one and all would receive *at cost* the best that scientific medicine had to offer. The expression *at cost* caught the public fancy and being an astute politician this man harangued tirelessly for his cause, never for a moment letting the people forget it was all to be theirs *at cost*.

At the time of the campaign a commercial hospital was operating in this particular city under the management and ownership of the physicians of the community. This latter institution deserves more than a passing word. Twenty years before the local doctors, after vainly urging the city, the county and innumerable organizations to build a much-needed hospital, were driven to the expedient of financing and managing their own institution. Of the original stock a little was bought by a few philanthropically inclined citizens, more as a gift than as an investment, but the major portion of the capital was supplied by physicians. The first unit

housing twenty beds was built and opened to the public.

When the doctors founded their institution hospitals were next door to the undertakers. They had a peculiarly mephitic odor, the silence was ominous, the occasional muffled groans of pain from the still living or the last gurgling rattle of the dying were terrifying. And, anyhow, respectable folks had their illnesses in the front room at home, the same room where all the babies had been born, where grandfather had died, where mother and father slept unless crowded out. The public was frankly suspicious and the few who managed to survive an operation and the necessary stay in the hospital were objects of much wonder.

IN 1874, when the first report on hospitals was made, there were only 149 operating in the United States with an average bed capacity of 25 each. No statistics are available for the next thirty years; but even in 1906 the American Medical Directory contained the names of only 2,411.

Today, of course, the public grate-

fully agrees that hospitals, instead of being death houses, are places where sickness is cared for with an efficiency our forefathers never dreamed possible. And a solid proof of this is contained in the statistics for the year 1927 when there was a total of \$4,105,861,002 invested in 895,279 beds in 6,807 hospitals which admitted and cared for 11,961,886 patients.

BUT one can well picture the trembling temerity of those doctors who in 1906 were forced to build their own workshop in the face of a contrary-minded, even fearful, public sentiment. There were insinuating smiles of reputed business men when the word was noised abroad that the doctors would manage the thing themselves (doctors are such poor business men); but build it they did, manage it they have, and today that institution represents an appraised real value of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars. The stock has consistently paid eight per cent annually, there have been stock dividends totaling 400 per cent, largely due to enhanced value of real property, and the hospital is full (even the corridors) at all times. The notoriously poor business man has managed to do something that no other group of men could accomplish.

Let me hasten to add that I know intimately of the policies and the management of this hospital. Never once in its career has a sick person been turned away because of lack of funds, at no time have the charges exceeded those of so-called charity hospitals in the vicinity and during the period of its existence it has served well and faithfully a com-

munity which refused time and again to establish a public hospital. Its profits are legitimate in the strictest sense of the word, they are the profits which accrue when men mind their own business carefully, when management is efficient and conservative and when individuals involved work wholeheartedly and conscientiously for a common cause.

Nevertheless this unusual accomplishment was used to the doctors' disparagement when the philanthropic old gentleman decided the city needed a hospital with service *at cost*.

"Look at the profits these doctors have wrung from the suffering!" he cried. "Think of taking toll from the diseased and dying!" And a horrified but misinformed public agreed, blindly put up their money and built a new hospital to be operated *at cost*.

CHARITY is all very well in its place, uplift and welfare work are to be commended; but eventually the bills for all charity and welfare must be paid. The new hospital was splendid, its appointments and equipment were the last word, all that modern science could offer was there — to be had *at cost*! Imagine the shock of the first patients on being presented with bills as high or higher than they had paid at the doctors' hospital; the *at cost* idea apparently had been forgotten by the management. There was a mighty howl from the donating public and then the truth came out, a truth anyone should know who would stop and think just a minute.

In operating any business there is a minimum charge below which it is impossible to go and still remain solvent. Ten years ago the doctors

found this out and placed in their hospital an expert auditor. The floor area was calculated and expenses properly allocated, every item was considered; today they have available detailed statistics showing what each department costs, which loses money, which pays a profit, per diem costs, and the many items necessary to get a thorough and complete understanding of the situation. The doctors have found that it is impossible to keep patients in the hospital for less than \$5.25 per day; in their particular hospital this figure does not include dressings, x-rays, special treatments, etc., but does carry every other charge such as salaries, food, nurses' training school, medical supplies, laundry, taxes, depreciation, interest and bad debts.

The charitably inclined who supported the philanthropic old gentleman's venture, however, had been somewhat less scientific. Little wonder there was much indignation over the bills. People at large had a vague idea that *at cost* would mean about \$2.00 a day, which would include special nursing, food and frills.

THE hue and cry which have been broadcast concerning the high cost of hospitals, the high cost of doctoring and the high cost of illness in general has a partial basis in fact, but has been advertised unfairly by writers who have not studied the situation carefully and who have read the available statistics wrongly, if at all. *Relatively, sickness is cheaper today than it has ever been. Dollar for dollar, the sick man gets more for his money than he has ever obtained. He will continue to get still more in the future.*

A study of the rates in one hundred fifty representative American hospitals shows an increase of — 119 per cent in the East; 108 per cent in the Middle West; 61 per cent in the Far West — a nation-wide average of 96 per cent for the period from 1914 to 1927. During this time hotel rates, the only comparable business, increased 131 per cent. According to Department of Labor statistics, the following increases took place: kitchen help, 432 per cent; maids, 125 per cent; pharmacists, 500 per cent; internes, 525 per cent; laundrymen, 400 per cent; chefs, 225 per cent.

NOR does the story end here. This same period saw these costs soar: raw foods, 58.5 per cent; fuel, 80 per cent; dishes, 100 per cent; blankets, 63 per cent; absorbent cotton, 71 per cent; catgut, 50 per cent; instruments, 75 per cent.

All these are necessary in a hospital. The list is incomplete but is representative of what has happened not only in hospitals but in every other business in America.

In 1914 the average stay in a hospital was fifteen days. In 1927 this stay had been reduced to ten days. So, although the cost per day has increased the actual total added expense must be conceded to be relatively small since the patient is returned to earning (at probably higher wages because of his increased health) in a much shorter time. Few industries can boast of such a record. No criticism of hospital costs has ever alluded to this point.

Of course such figures as have been cited here did not apply to the phil-

anthropic old gentleman's *at cost* hospital. Almost before the doors of that institution were opened it was up against the stone wall of high operating expenses. No amount of squirming or pondering could change the facts one jot or tittle either. It was costing around \$6.00 a day to keep a patient in the hospital and the public was in no mood to pay that figure after all the glowing promises which had been made. The philanthropist who had sponsored the institution faced the crisis nobly — he paid the deficits from his own pocket not once or twice but month after month until the hospital finally arrived at the point where it carried itself — one of the most sportsman-like gestures it has ever been my good fortune to witness!

But in the meantime the commercially-operated Doctors' Hospital continued to pay dividends, taxes and interest, continued to give excellent service at rates as low or lower. At the present time (1929) the highest rate obtaining in the Doctors' Hospital is \$56.00 per week, the lowest in the wards \$24.50 per week, and in addition welfare organizations are given a 25 per cent reduction on all services.

THAT a privately owned and operated hospital is able to give better service at lower rates than a publicly owned, tax and interest free institution, has come as a decided shock to the community. Many are asking why, and rightly so. I have before me the per capita per day costs of a number of hospitals in the locality where the Doctors' Hospital is situated. They offer much material for thought.

The Doctors' Hospital, including depreciation, taxes and interest. . . .	\$5.13
No. 2, without depreciation, taxes or interest.	7.83
No. 3, without depreciation, but with taxes and interest.	6.47
No. 4, without depreciation or interest but with taxes.	9.41

THE Doctors' Hospital is frankly a commercial institution, the other three are also charging hospitals. In one of the three the rates run as high as \$84.00 a week, and each one is dependent to a great extent upon private donations, community chest funds and, in one case, a fairly sizable endowment. Now why should it cost Hospital No. 4 a total of \$9.41 per day to keep a patient when Hospital No. 1, less than thirty miles distant, can give the same service for \$5.13?

To answer this question one must consider a number of factors. The Doctors' Hospital is a business enterprise; it is run frankly and openly for profit and as such it must give value received in order to retain its patronage. The charity hospital does not feel this incentive and the lack of some tangible objective other than the relief of suffering humanity works for carelessness in business methods and management. This is reflected in the costs which naturally will increase unless closely supervised.

It is recognized as good policy for charity institutions to use the funds available — yes, actually to show a deficit — thus insuring a more liberal budget for ensuing years; so one naturally looks for and finds higher operating costs in these institutions. The available statistics force the conclusion that it would be better business for a community to purchase

its hospitalization for indigents from commercial institutions.

IN A money-mad land, however, the idea of *at cost* in connection with some charitable enterprise gives the sponsors a warm glow, an inward satisfaction, a sense of magnanimity, probably intensified by the sly calculation that it takes none of their money to do things at cost. But *at cost* is elusive. The per capita per day cost for more than four hundred standardized hospitals in the United States was \$4.46 for the year 1927. By standardized we recognized a hospital which complies with the ethical and professional regulations as adopted by the American College of Surgeons and the American Medical Association. It is absurd for any writer to prate concerning high hospital costs until he has examined that \$4.46 and knows where every penny of it goes. It is presumptuous to suggest mismanagement on such a grand scale. The men and women at the heads of these institutions are as proficient and expert in their line as is the writer of popular fictions concerning the hospitals. There are glaring exceptions; that \$9.41 per patient per day in a neighboring semi-charity hospital makes one wonder, but even that figure could be definitely accounted for.

To stop and analyze all that goes into making it cost nearly \$5.00 to keep a patient in a hospital for a day would take a book. By the very nature of the enterprise, hospital buildings are expensive. They require special plumbing, special electrical equipment, to say nothing of special furniture and fittings. The available room space is being encroached upon

each year by the new equipment, all space-occupying but all necessary. At the present time more than 25 per cent. of hospital floor space is needed to house operating rooms, delivery rooms, x-rays, physiotherapy laboratories, diet kitchens, and a host of other essentials. And floor space is valuable. Not only space but all this necessary apparatus costs money to install and to maintain. An efficient and complete operating room represents an investment of close to \$25,000. A workable x-ray plant, capable of doing all the work required in a general hospital, calls for an outlay of as much as \$10,000.

THESE must be maintained in constant readiness. Injury, illness and accident have as yet refused to punch a time clock and this twenty-four hour preparedness is expensive. Even if the patient requires none of these costly modalities he must have a bed, room, board and routine nursing. In a hotel he gets bed and board, he goes to the dining room for his meals, he uses the bell boy occasionally and pays for this service in tips. But in the hospital he is served his meals in his room, he has a corps of student nurses supervised by efficient graduate nurses at his beck and call, he has every facility of the institution at his command twenty-four hours a day. Of the hospital dollar fifty cents goes to pay for labor, another twenty-five cents for food, these two items alone absorbing seventy-five cents of every dollar the patient pays. From the remaining twenty-five cents the manager must pay all the items necessary to maintain an efficient organization, no small task in itself. Depending on a

variety of conditions it can be done in some localities while in others, unless funds are forthcoming, the hospital must close its doors.

WE HAVE been examining what it costs a hospital to keep a patient, not what the patient pays. The fact that most hospitals show a deficit makes it quite evident that the average patient pays less. Sick folks are a bit peculiar but the relatives of sick folks are usually hopeless.

There are two times in people's lives when they need a guardian: when some member of the family is sick and when the sick person dies. Without stopping to count the cost, without giving one thought to the inevitable day of reckoning, relatives demand hospital accommodations and care not only out of all proportion to the medical needs of the patient but wholly incompatible with the family income. To do less appears niggardly. Undertakers tell the same story.

Good hospital management diplomatically handles this situation and finally convinces the relatives to accept service which will care for the patient at rates the family can afford.

There is another class of patients which is most difficult: the proud but poor. I know of no way to relieve them. Personally, I would prefer ward service provided my illness was not serious. And knowing what I know I would refuse to mortgage a year's income in order to make an empty gesture. If people would buy medical and hospital service with one-half the caution and thoughtfulness they apply to the purchase of an automobile the problem would settle itself.

I know most people look on wards as — as, well, a place for the riff-raff where medical work is given a lick and a promise, where one finds most extraordinary companions, on the whole a place nice folks don't care to be. If this glaring misconception could be wiped out many would avail themselves of this service, thus saving much money and much worry about how to get that money.

Many writers have stated that adequate medical care is not available to the majority of our people because of prohibitive costs, leaving the matter there as if the statement, ex-cathedra, proved that medical costs were too high and did not represent a fair value. There is another side to this question which these writers in their haste have overlooked and one which must be carefully weighed and evaluated before any sweeping deductions can be made or even adumbrated. Costs are purely relative.

FOR the man who earns \$1,500 a year and has children and a wife to support, any sort of an automobile is too expensive, but that does not in any way prove that a stated value is not in the automobile. A hospital stay at \$5.00 per day is anything but exorbitant but for a man without funds it is entirely out of the question. Nurses at \$7.50 per day, of which \$1.50 is for board, are really only receiving fifty cents an hour (what I pay my colored Julia for cleaning), and this for skilled professional services. An operating room fee of \$15.00 is not fair because it represents an actual cash loss to the hospital, yet it is the customary fee. Careless writers leave the inference

that doctors, nurses, and hospitals are to blame for the gap between actual cost and what the patient can pay when such is far from the case.

When one examines the expenditure of the normal American income the most striking thing is the amount paid out each month on contract purchases. Automobiles, pianos, radios, talking machines, washing machines, boats, furniture, books, rugs, clothing — the list is endless. It seems to be one mad scramble of the manufacturer to sell — sell — sell — and in his method of time-selling enters not only the cost of the article plus a legitimate profit but also the losses inevitable in his system, high interest charges of finance corporations, and expensive advertising.

THE monthly pay check barely meets the time payments, budgeting is impossible, consequently when the inevitable illness comes the family is unprepared. There is no snug reserve for such an emergency. Instead, there is the gap, with those afflicted feeling certain that the gods — that be have dealt most unjustly with them.

Ten dollars a day for a vacation at a summer resort is a mere bagatelle. We saved the money, we went of our own volition; but a hospital bill is unwilling tribute exacted by an unkind providence; of course we resent it, and of course we loudly object and naturally we read with delight and many nods of approval the writings of the reckless who inconsiderately and without a true appreciation of the facts proceed to clutter up our already disturbed and hazy ideas regarding the workings of hospitals,

nurses, doctors and allied agencies of the devil.

THE average person is financially unprepared for illness, he finds it impossible to pay for all he actually requires. People who elsewhere pay for all they get, as decent people should, go to free clinics for medical care, fairly demanding it as one of their rights. The person who is patriotic enough to attack this sort of thing as a disgusting infection of our honest citizenship, a breaking down of national morale, is often held up to scorn and ridicule.

Hospital costs are fair. They are as low as it is possible to make them. That person who pays less than \$5 per day for his hospital bed and room is accepting charity. The charges all around represent by every accepted standard of business an honest value. In comparison with the incomes of people who, by the contingencies of misfortune must pay hospital bills, too often they *are* beyond reach. A goodly share of this discrepancy is directly traceable to the widespread and harmful practice of time payments. Another factor is the natural lack of thriftiness among us, and lastly, the pauperization which has been fostered on a wholesale scale by the charities and which, in turn, has disintegrated our sense of responsibility.

A constructive program looking to some alleviation of the situation must take into consideration a host of difficult problems. If, as economic writers state, wealth is only credits of labor, then it surely behooves the possessors of wealth to give more than passing thought to the protection of those who produce labor. If

the foundation and backbone of democratic government is based on a healthy and contented labor population then again it surely behooves those entrusted with the direction of that government to make every effort to secure and maintain health and happiness.

THE doctor is the keystone in any structure looking to better medicine and better health and anyone who thinks handling a group of doctors is going to be a pastime knows little of the nature of medical men. He is going to find that the doctor will fight for his own idea of independence, economic, social and scientific, with a vigor which belies his customary apathy. Yet as much as organized doctors fear organized medicine I think the majority of the profession accept the idea of some form of socialized medicine as an inevitable development.

With these facts in mind it becomes apparent that government-controlled and tax-supported hospitals offer one solution — a solution which fits ideally into the political and economic trend of the times. Well organized, properly managed, these hospitals would offer the sick adequate care at very nominal rates, free from any taint of charity.

There are many objections which could well be raised, chief of which would be the Shylock cries of taxpayers and the reiteration of injured dignity by the physicians. Both would shortly be stilled.

When the taxpayer finds that such a system would relieve him of the unpleasant series of holdups staged by the charities, when he finds the

sick, regardless of financial status, being restored to health promptly and efficiently, when he realizes that his credits in human labor are being safeguarded, then his opposition will change to enthusiastic support.

And the doctor — his dignity is only skin deep, he has from time immemorial taken himself far too seriously — he will find that his is the essential position in such a system, he is the king pin around which the entire system must rotate and he will in time take up the work earnestly and enthusiastically. For him who cordially hates the unpleasantness of competitive medicine the hospitals will offer a workshop where he can prosecute his scientific dreams to their ultimate fulfilment.

The entire proposition is analogous to the public school system which cares for all who choose to use it, and that without a thought of charity, yet which in no way interferes with those who prefer to patronize the private schools.

LONG ago, as a nation, we realized that education was essential in our system of government so we built and maintained public schools. Industrialism is forcing upon us the economic value of health in no uncertain terms. The doctors have been preaching this the last twenty-five years; gradually governmental agencies are grasping the idea. Good medicine is a public utility and medical care is not only the right of productive labor but is as well a powerful protector of accumulated wealth. A system of publicly owned and operated hospitals can make this service available to every citizen.

“Congress Shall Have Power”

BY HENRY ALAN JOHNSTON

*Reporting a debate between a lawyer and a minister on the
fundamental reason for disrespect of the Eighteenth
Amendment*

I RECENTLY discussed prohibition with a minister of one of the larger churches of New York City. He deplored the widespread rebellious attitude against the Eighteenth Amendment, and said that in his opinion, what is needed in this country is a more general respect for the law. What he meant was a more general respect for this particular law. I asked him if he had ever made any serious effort to discover the underlying cause for the disregard in which this amendment is held by so many honorable and otherwise law-abiding citizens; and I learned that he had not.

He had assumed that it was a natural symptom of so drastic a law, yet merely a symptom which time would eventually cure. He had never analyzed the subject from the standpoint of constitutional law or American political history. In fact, I found that he had only a very hazy conception of the essential difference between the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. I then suggested that no matter how sound his views might be as to the moral and social consequences of alcoholism, he

was far astray in his understanding of the constitutional and governmental aspects of Prohibition.

He replied, “I recognize fully that I have no knowledge as to the technicalities of constitutional law. What I am interested in is Prohibition as a social theory.”

THIS honest confession, from a man who is devoting his life to religion and social welfare, reflects, no doubt, the sentiment of a vast majority of the good men and women in the United States who heartily support the Eighteenth Amendment. There are few indeed who bother themselves about the constitutional phases of the subject. Enough for them the argument that drinking is bad and therefore should be prohibited; that it is now prohibited by the Constitution of the United States; that this is the most solemn form of enactment which we can have by our Government, and that therefore any change in this absolute prohibition would be a backward step. This reasoning seems simple enough, but it utterly ignores the problem which is troubling this preacher and with

which the country generally is concerned, namely, the problem of enforcement. And as the failure of enforcement is in a large measure due to the widespread rebellious attitude of the people, such reasoning is not only simple, but downright stupid.

THOSE who believe in the theory that the Federal Government should take steps to curb alcoholism and who are at the same time dissatisfied with the results of the present experiment cannot find much solace in such a simple syllogism. It behooves them to probe deeper and try to isolate this rebellion germ, put it under a microscope, discover its origin, and learn what it thrives on.

"There is our point of attack," I said, "and if you ever hope to turn men from their attitude of antagonism or passive resistance to one of coöperation, you must certainly start by trying to understand what is at the bottom of their antagonism. You cannot assume after nine years of growing resistance that what you observe and deplore is merely a passing symptom and thus lightly dismiss the matter. Such an assumption is unworthy of your scholarship; it resembles the incantations of the medicine man as compared with the scientific investigations of Dr. Gorgas. Perhaps this rebellion is not a passing phase at all. Perhaps there is some breeding place which must be cleaned up before we can hope to subdue the epidemic."

This minister with whom I talked is not a bigot or a fanatic. He is a man who has witnessed the misery and poverty which are the inevitable results of drunkenness. He knows, as well as he knows anything, that al-

coholism is a social evil. He would therefore extirpate the producing cause forever by governmental fiat. But until the people of the United States generally take the attitude that the evil of drink is conceded, and that the only important question now before the country is the practical one of governmental procedure, we shall never lift this subject out of the realm of hysterics. Passion has no rightful place in the discussion today. It is a cold question of the mechanics of Government.

"You say you are interested in Prohibition as a social theory," I said, "but since your social theory has now become the subject of a constitutional amendment, you cannot lightly brush aside the technicalities of constitutional law. Prohibition today is a constitutional question, not a social theory; and if you want to learn why it does not work in practice you will have to understand its constitutional significance."

He answered, "But this is not the first case of national prohibition. Congress has prohibited the sale of narcotic drugs, and that law has met with success. We are only going one step further when we now prohibit intoxicating liquors."

I REPLIED, "I will grant that the prohibition of intoxicants is only one step further than the prohibition of narcotics; but, as a matter of fact, Congress does not prohibit the sale of narcotic drugs, and Congress, under the Constitution, cannot prohibit such sale. You, no doubt, have in mind the Harrison Narcotic Law. That law is, in form, a revenue measure enacted under the power conferred on Congress to impose excise

taxes. Of course, we know that the Harrison Act is, in fact, not a revenue measure at all, but an attempt to regulate the traffic in dangerous drugs; and that at best, it is only a subterfuge. What should be done to make it effective would be, first, to have an amendment added to the Constitution granting Congress the power to limit, regulate and prohibit the manufacture, sale and transportation of narcotic drugs. Under such a grant, Congress would be in a position to enact a really effective and honest law based upon an express grant of power, as a substitute for the present inadequate law based upon the fiction of an attempt to raise revenue."

He said, "But you are now advocating a further amendment to the Constitution in line with the Eighteenth Amendment. How can you do that when you object to the Eighteenth Amendment?"

"THERE is just where you miss the point," I said. "I will agree, for the sake of this discussion, that the traffic in intoxicating liquors can be regulated or prohibited to better effect by Congress than by the separate legislatures of the forty-eight States, and I can see no legal objection to an amendment granting such power to Congress. Moreover, as a substitute for the Eighteenth Amendment, I would favor an amendment combining both intoxicating liquors and narcotic drugs, reading somewhat as follows: 'Congress shall have power to limit, regulate and prohibit the manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicating liquors and narcotic drugs,' thus placing both of these subjects within the distinct

province of congressional action."

"But, isn't that just what the Eighteenth Amendment does with liquor?"

"No," I said, "that is the exact opposite of what we have, and the rebellion which you see against the Eighteenth Amendment is largely due to that distinction, coupled with a feeling probably unanalyzed, but lying deep within the political consciousness of the American people that the Eighteenth Amendment is, in effect, an unrepealable statute placed in the Constitution for the purpose of depriving Congress of power over that subject; that it is an attempt to take away from the people their right of self-government. The people will naturally rebel against any unrepealable law which happens to be unpopular, because they have no other remedy but rebellion. The Eighteenth Amendment is not a delegation of the law-making power over this subject to Congress, but is absolute legislation itself. It says, 'the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited,' and the people have been made to realize that their representatives in Congress are powerless to change that law because, forsooth, it has been enacted after the manner of a Constitutional amendment. This realization inevitably thrusts them back from the ordinary processes of organized government to the natural instinct of rebellion."

"But," said he, "you are dealing in technicalities. That is the great trouble with you lawyers. You refuse to look at the question from a broad standpoint of reform. You quibble

over the phraseology of the amendment and ignore the spirit of the law."

"I will admit your criticism of my profession," I said, "but I will admit it only because I insist upon confining this argument to the point of our discussion, and if possible to explain to you the underlying cause of the disregard which hampers the enforcement of the amendment. What you are now concerned with is the practical failure of the Eighteenth Amendment from a governmental standpoint; and if we are to discuss that question you must consider the phraseology and the legal intent of the amendment. Under our system of government, if the people are dissatisfied with any law on the statute books and know that that law can be changed by the ordinary processes of legislation, they will proceed through their ballots to elect representatives and officials who will at least promise to carry out their will; but if they see no hope of changing it, and are told that the matter is closed and is no longer an issue, and that their votes on the subject can have no possible effect, and that the entire matter is a sham battle, don't you see that there is nothing left for them but personal rebellion?"

"**S**UCH a law favors rebellion for the same reason that the Stamp Act of 1765 aroused the rebellion of the American Colonists. It was not so much the provisions of the Act itself which caused the Revolution. In fact, all of the unpopular provisions of the Act had been repealed and the tax on tea was retained more as a show of the authority of Parliament than for the revenue which it might

produce. The revolt of the Colonists was a natural revolt of English-speaking people against the theory of government without representation. People insist today, as they did then, and as liberty-loving people always will, upon the right to govern themselves. This law, this prohibition, by being made a part of the Constitution has denied that right, and in doing so has defeated its own purpose. It has made a rebel of everyone opposed to it because it has taken from him all hope of changing the law by the ordinary processes of representative government."

"**B**UT I cannot see what real difference that makes," he said. "Even if the law has been put into the Constitution, it represents the majority sentiment of the people of the country. If a vote were taken today you would no doubt find a majority in favor of prohibition; and when enough people want to repeal the amendment, they have the power to do so under the same procedure by which the amendment was adopted."

"Let us admit," I said, "that the Eighteenth Amendment represents the majority sentiment of the people of the country, and that if a vote were taken today we should find a majority against its repeal. I will admit this, because as we lawyers say, 'it is immaterial and irrelevant.' What we are concerned with is the widespread disrespect for this law; and even if it is resented by only a minority of the people, that minority, under our form of government, should have the right to advocate a change by their representatives through the regular processes of leg-

isolation. They may be a minority today, but ten years from now they may be in the majority; yet under the phrasing of the Eighteenth Amendment which absolutely prohibits the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, this minority is in effect told that even should they become the majority, their activities would be but an empty gesture; that nothing can be done by Congress to change the law because it has been written into the Constitution; in other words ‘you are stuck.’ Such talk makes rebels. The realization of this governmental *impasse* can have no other effect.

“FOR that reason, I say that the big mistake which has been made has been the enactment of this law through the method provided for the adoption of constitutional amendments. If a real amendment had been adopted; if the amendment had granted a power; if it had read ‘Congress *shall have power* to limit, regulate and prohibit the manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicating beverages,’ no patriotic person would be justified in rebelling against any law which might be enacted by Congress under that grant of power; but when I am told that a law enacted in 1919 has been disguised as an amendment to the Constitution for the purpose of making it unrepeatable, I say I will not be bound by unrepeatable legislation no matter how it is disguised.”

“But,” replied he, “the amendment is not unrepeatable, for it can certainly be repealed through the same procedure by which it was adopted.”

“Yes,” I said, “it can, in theory.

But that does not alter the fact that it is unrepeatable legislation. The Constitution provides a certain definite way in which national legislation can be enacted. It provides that a bill embodying the law shall be passed by Congress and that every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate shall be presented to the President, and that if he approves it, he shall sign it, but if not, he shall veto it, and that if the President shall veto it, the bill shall be reconsidered, and if after such reconsideration, it shall be approved by two-thirds of both Houses of Congress, it shall become a law. That is the only way provided by the Constitution for enacting a law of the United States, and to follow an entirely different procedure — the procedure provided in the Constitution for making amendments to that instrument, namely, by having it proposed by Congress and ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States — is an illegal method of passing a law, and the only possible excuse for the adoption of such a method in this instance was the desire on the part of those who had the matter in charge to enact a law after the manner of the Medes and Persians.

“YOU say that the amendment can be repealed through the same process by which it was adopted. I answer, first, that the legislatures representing only five per cent of the population of this country can make such a repeal impossible. I answer, second, that even if thirty-six of the legislatures could be persuaded to vote for the repeal, we should merely be adding one more precedent of

illegal law-making to the body of our Constitution. The Constitution is a delegation of power. The one phrase which is repeated time and again in that instrument is, '*Congress shall have power.*' The Eighteenth Amendment is not a delegation of power to make a law. It is a law itself. It is a denial of power, and it is a denial of the very principle and spirit of the Federal Constitution; and so long as it remains a part of that Constitution, it will continue to create rebellion."

"I think," said my friend, "that there is a great deal of wisdom in what you say; but if for practical reasons there is no hope of the repeal of the amendment, I cannot see what we can do about it but try to

persuade people to respect the law as we have it."

"No," I told him, "you cannot kindle respect with words; and perhaps there is nothing we can do about it now; but some day the Supreme Court of the United States will decide that legislation is legislation, and that amendments are amendments, and that you cannot make legislation unrepealable by disguising it as an amendment. Until then, I suppose, you preachers will continue to preach respect for the law and we rebels will have to take our satisfaction in whatever faith we can muster in the ultimate vindication of the wisdom of the framers of the Constitution."



This Era of Investment Trusts

BY IRVING FISHER

Professor of Economics, Yale University

THE influence of the rapid growth of investment trusts in popularizing stock market activities has aroused some degree of apprehension. Paul M. Warburg, international banking expert, in reproaching the Federal Reserve System for failing to take drastic measures against the "Stock Exchange debauch," ascribes to these trusts a part in what he regards as a threat of general trade depression.

Mr. Warburg refers to the Standard Statistics Company's index of stock prices, that records for fifty industrials, twenty public utility stocks and twenty railway stocks a growth in market value, during two years, from approximately \$17,500,000,000 to \$33,000,000,000. Here is a gain of about \$15,500,000,000 which, Mr. Warburg says, in a majority of cases is "quite unrelated to respective increases in plant, property or earning power." Yet this stupendous growth in "value," he adds, covers only ninety stocks, excluding bank stocks, real estate values, and "some of the subtlest elements of inflation — incorporated stock pools, called 'investment trusts.'"

Other authorities regard the investment trusts less harshly. For instance, Albert Ottinger, Attorney

General of New York State, after an exhaustive investigation of the activities and forms of investment trusts, concludes:

"They have a very real and substantial place in our financial structure. In the main they afford an opportunity for the investor to make a reasonably safe investment based upon broad diversity of securities. . . . Nor do I wish to present the conclusion that there have been evils in the management of investment trusts which require State regulation."

If Mr. Ottinger proceeds to recommend certain measures for the regulation of these bodies, it is only to prevent the abuse of a plan of investment organization which he regards as perfectly sound.

A SURVEY of the investment trust field, made in 1927 by Leland Rex Robinson, revealed 172 American and Canadian investment trusts and companies, all but thirteen of which were in the United States. Mr. Robinson estimated that there were 119 investment trusts of the general management type. This is significant, because general management trusts follow closely the lines of their British progenitors in allowing their managers considerable dis-

cretionary power in making and shifting investments. In this respect they differ sharply from the fixed or limited type, which confine their dealings to certain groups, such as public utilities, bank and stocks, bonds, or common stocks of a few industries. The general management type is not limited to any one class of securities. Mr. John F. Fowler estimates that there were 199 investment trusts in existence at the end of June 1928, with capital investments totaling \$1,200,000,000. The number today is estimated to be about 300 with investments well above \$1,500,000,000.

IS THEIR influence in popularizing stock investment a good influence? Has it boomed the inflation of the market? Has it encouraged "speculation"? Trusts of the general management type are constantly buying and selling securities. They are regarded jealously and criticized with caustic tongue by the old investment houses which sell "sound" securities—mostly "gilt edge bonds." It would be natural that such houses should think these trusts risky.

The business of the investment trusts is perfectly legitimate and helps to fill a long-felt want. Nevertheless, although the principles of diversification and investment management, upon which investment trusts of the discretionary or management type operate, are sound, it must clearly be understood that not all investment trusts are sound, either in their organization or management. The investor must not assume that, because the principles are sound, any investment trust is as good as the best.

In truth, investment trusts are just the opposite of dangerous. They represent not only expert knowledge, such as that to which the older investment houses can lay claim, but two other safeguards—diversification and incessantly vigilant management. The old idea of "salting away" securities "for good" in strong boxes is being supplanted by that of a perpetual and rapid turnover.

ONE result is the substitution of independent expert judgment for the second-hand, inexperienced judgment of the lay speculator. In the old days the public was like a flock of sheep. How easily it was led by a single bell-wether is shown by the stock market of 1904, when Thomas W. Lawson published scarehead advertisements in the newspapers advising that the public sell certain securities.

Lawson's readers did not independently reckon the risks they were encountering. If they had made their mistakes independently, some in one direction and some in the other, some with one set of stocks and some with others, the results might not have been so bad upon the general market, because they might have counteracted each other. Instead, they all ran like sheep the same way. It was a mob of easily-led investors, all seeking for "straight tips," which might bring them instant wealth. All made their mistake in common. Then all tried *en masse* to escape. It was like a sudden panic rush of all the passengers on a ferry-boat to one side, making the boat list and even capsize.

Where speculation is ignorant and imitative, it is dangerous alike to

those who engage in it and to the public. Where, on the other hand, speculation is based on the independent knowledge of many well-informed groups of investors, furnished with sound statistical facts, its utility can be very great.

The investment trust principle acts to reduce risks by utilizing the special knowledge of expert investment counsel, and by diversifying investments among many kinds of common and preferred stocks and bonds, foreign and domestic.

IT ALSO operates to shift risks from those who lack investment knowledge to those who possess it. As a consequence normally speculative properties gravitate into the hands of these skilled agencies which are better able to forecast their true future value. Many investment trusts of the general type have built up their own investing organizations, depending neither on the facilities of banks nor of investment banking houses sponsoring them. Others have fiscal agencies that exist solely for the purpose of investment trust administration. Such an agency supervises a widely distributed list of holdings by means of a skilled staff. All figures bearing on the investments held are kept up to date. This followed the precedent of investment trusts both in the United States and in Europe.

Can such trained organizations be engaged in inflating stock prices? Or, do they stabilize rather than inflate? And, is the stock market so greatly inflated, after all?

One important fact is that the tradition that common stocks are risky has been modified. A single

stock is risky when a dozen are not. Diversification acts as insurance to reduce risk. This means that investment trusts, buying over a wide range of stocks, can afford to pay higher prices than individuals, buying stocks simply, could afford to pay.

WE HAVE had seven years of prosperity. Since August, 1921, the Standard Statistics index of common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange has risen 260 per cent. Never before has there been so long and so rapid a rise in stock prices. Never, either, has there been so rapid a development in national resources, in improved technology. A relatively stable level of general prices has been maintained. This has prevented overbuying of supplies. Transportation has improved. With no expectation of strongly rising prices of commodities, excessive inventories have been kept down. Inventories on hand have not been forced or frightened into liquidation. There has been scientific study of the sources of their supplies by manufacturers and merchants, with constant statistical check upon volumes produced. Pronounced improvements in machinery and in production methods have lowered costs, reducing prices and increasing profits. So society as a whole has benefited in real income. Both business men and wage-earners have taken advantage of the relatively stable price level to budget their expenditures, making commitments undisturbed by violent fluctuations in the purchasing power of money. That is, they have been much more sure of making both ends meet.

Finally, abundant bank credits have not resulted in inflation of the general level of commodity prices. But with the post-war expansion of world trade and the resumption by most nations of the gold standard or the gold exchange standard, the need of economizing gold as a basis of credit is being emphasized.

THE gold exchange standard itself, in the opinion of so good an authority as Dr. E. W. Kemmerer, will continue to develop as in the past, with a measure of economy of gold in foreign balances. The system of doing business with checks is being expanded in countries other than English-speaking countries. Checks used in place of bank notes economize gold still further. Business is turning over faster. It is piling up reserves. It needs less credit based on gold, and repays its loans more quickly. In his book, *The American Omen*, Garet Garrett tells of an automobile factory with equipment, personnel, product, and market for 2,000 motor cars daily, all created within seven months after breaking ground — a feat which a few years ago would have required eight to ten times as long. The money to finance the extension is speedily paid back from income, and the gold underlying the necessary loans is released for other purposes.

The technique of production has been and is being revolutionized. It was the warring nations that first organized scientific research on a grand scale and set the new pace. Their manpower was absorbed at the front. New and improved automatic machinery took the place at home of the fighting men sent to the

front. The result was enormous increase in American plant production.

Technical men, men of science, were transferred from the universities to the research and planning departments of the large industrial concerns. Herbert Hoover became the engineering type of man in scientific control of industry. Human engineering stepped in to aid mechanical and electrical engineering in bringing about a genuine coöperation of labor and capital in the public interest. Wages became liberal. The mightily augmented purchasing power of the public created new consumer markets. Prohibition came. The average worker, no longer an absentee on "blue Mondays," and more steadily providing for his family, became a good "risk" for instalment sales.

THUS the years of post-war recovery, especially after the deflation of 1921, have witnessed the largest increments of real income of any like period in our industrial history. Production has augmented, real wages have increased, great mergers have reflected the opportunities of mass production in the rich American market. Absolute free trade between forty-eight sovereign states has helped. According to the National Bureau of Economic Research, American income was nearly sixty-three billion dollars in 1921. It rose to ninety billions in 1926 and is probably considerably more for 1929. The average income of those gainfully employed would buy more than one-third more goods in 1928 than in 1921.

Such considerations force themselves on any proper appraisal of the

long "bull" market. The higher commodity price level, as compared with 1913, should account for about 40 per cent increase in stock values. Much of the remaining increase represents solid values added by more efficient labor, higher per capita production, cheaper and better processes, and the reduction of risk involved through diversified holding by investment trusts.

THERE remains a margin of genuine stock inflation representing the tendency of shoals of investors, big and little, to follow "market tips," blindly and without any warrant. How large this true inflation is, cannot be definitely estimated. My guess is that it is about ten per cent.

But the influence of investment trusts and investment counsel is largely toward cutting the speculative fluctuations at top and bottom, thus acting as a force to stabilize the market. Investment trusts buy when there is real anticipation of a rise, due to underlying causes and sell when there is real anticipation of a fall. In such a situation as the stock market has just passed through, the stabilizing influence of the investment trusts is beneficial. They discourage the booming of unsound stocks and support the market for sound stocks, thus diminishing the losses arising from both inflation and deflation of stock prices.

Anything which does not manipulate the market but anticipates it, stabilizes it and is advantageous. For the interests of all concerned, the more nearly a stock is selling at its true value the better. The more knowledge there is in the market, the

more promptly a stock will reach its true value.

The investment trusts are cognizant, for example, of the fact that Duco paint, when evolved and marketed, tremendously speeded up production. Gains in time resulted in economy of capital. Virtually every line of manufacture witnesses, daily, technical developments of importance. These result in a greater total of products, with less expenditure of human effort. Altogether it means reduced costs, greater net profits to producers, lower prices to consumers. Many corps of specialists employed by the investment trusts are watching out for these signs. They know about improved and cheapened processes beforehand, and discount them in their purchase of stocks and bonds. By their influence, the steeper declines or ascents are drawn out into milder ones.

IN THIS beneficial sense the investment trusts of the general management order may be said to "speculate." They buy securities, they look for profits in appreciation of stock prices. They buy at prices less than the true worth of the securities purchased, taking advantage of their superior knowledge of industrial and trading conditions. They are alert, outstripping the mass of investors, and they profit by a constant change in investments.

All modern production is called speculative-capitalistic production. It is managed by "captains of industry." These are men specially fitted at once to forecast and to mold the future, within the realms in which they operate. The industries of transportation and manufactures,

particularly, are under the lead of an educated and trained speculative class. Their function is to assume for themselves the main risks, with the ordinary investor, who is not so equipped, coöperating as a mere lender or "silent partner." Yet some of these industrial captains may prove incompetent, or may betray the confidence reposed in them. They may throw the burden of risks on those whom they pretend to shield. The analysts, statisticians, and counsel of investment trusts guard against such betrayals of confidence, or incompetence, by their constant scrutiny of the conduct of corporations.

It has been held that it is no business of an investment trust to "sell short," that is, to contract to deliver securities of which it has no actual ownership. Many American investment trusts have adopted the rules of the British companies to exclude "short selling," and have adopted resolutions forbidding such practices.

No doubt an investment trust practises soundly when it avoids extensive contingent liabilities. But the violent opposition to short selling is largely the result of ignorance. Normally it is not only legitimate, but beneficial.

INDEED, civilization lives and grows by selling futures. If you sell land you are selling future crops. In other instances you are selling future services. We are always selling the future. Selling short in the stock exchange or produce exchange is a special form of this principle. Those who believe that prices will fall will sell from their present holdings, or

may sell short, agreeing to supply such holdings at a later time at a fixed price.

You cannot build a house without someone "selling short." A building contractor who had taken a large contract was asked whether he was not taking big risks, as he could not know in advance the costs of building. He replied, "No, I am taking no risks at all except on 'labor'; I have made contracts to be supplied with all materials when needed, at fixed prices."

THOSE who undertook these contracts thus assumed the risk of future fluctuation in price in the special materials in which they dealt, relieving the contractor of the necessity of informing himself of the special market conditions for stone, brick, timber, and so on, and enabling him to make a closer bid for the contract, inasmuch as there was less need to allow for unknown contingencies. Most of those materials contracted for did not exist when the contract was made. The stone was unquarried, the brick unbaked, the lumber unfelled. The public, of course, gets the benefit of such a shifting of risk into expert hands, in the form of reduced building costs. Similar results follow from most other "short" sales.

Far from acting as a force that multiplies risks in the market, the American investment trusts today are steadily reverting to the British type, which is credited with having strengthened the pre-war position of London as the money centre of the world. They invest their funds in many securities, foreign and domestic, so that the law of averages may

balance losses with gains. They limit their investment in any one security. They supervise the investment funds continuously. They select securities with care to get a favorable average interest and dividend yield; in this process, diversification helps raise the yield higher than would be possible with the relatively small capital of an individual investor. As the result of their extra skill, they look for investment profits and the continuous accumulation of earned reserves and surplus built up out of net income. Such companies favor legal regulation.

There is public advantage in granting to State authorities power to refuse a charter to dishonest or improper incorporators of an investment trust. This is recommended in the

report of the Ottinger investigation. Further, there should be the requirement that a minimum be paid in capital in cash. There should be publicity, frequent reports and examinations. Thus the investor can assure himself of the ability and integrity of the management.

The investment trust has come to stay in America. It is already comparable in strength here with its congener in Great Britain, which has had fifty years to grow instead of six, as here. It is bound to wield a profound influence in the security market, and thus upon trade and industry. Rightly regulated, so as not to impair the financial discretion of its directors, I am persuaded that the net influence of the American investment trust will be good.



The Red Man Dances

BY HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

Secretary of the Interior Wilbur inherits a gravely baffling problem, with quaintly amusing phases, concerning the Pueblo Indians, their rights and rites

A GENERATION or two ago the American Indian presented no complexities. He was a simple figure who scalped missionaries and scattered the bones of pioneers to bleach on the prairie, and there was no argument about him. Today he is something much worse than that; he is a social problem. He is also a cultural asset, a Vanishing Race, a degraded barbarian and a challenge to our civilization, and he inspires large numbers of public-spirited ladies and gentlemen to a frenzy of uplift, indignation and mutual hair-pulling.

Nowhere else is the hair-pulling quite as strenuous as it is in New Mexico, the home of the Pueblo Indians, who have all the ingredients of romantic appeal. They live in decorative adobe villages — pueblos — with musical Spanish names such as San Ildefonso, Santo Domingo, Isleta, Acoma. And the setting for their pueblos is the gorgeous Rio Grande Valley, which is a strip of lush green lying among piñon-dotted sandhills and gaunt purple mountains. They boast a colorful history, or to be exact, the press agents of

the Santa Fé railroad boast it for them. Finally, and this is the real root of the matter, at Christmas and Easter-tide and on blazing days of midsummer they hold magnificent pagan carouses which are a joy to ethnologists and money in the pocket of Fred Harvey.

FOR many years these dances have been the centre of a terrific controversy among the friends of the red man. It reached its maximum violence several years ago, when the lamented Commissioner Burke listened too long to one wing of benefactors and wrote a letter to his charges, threatening to put a stop to their dances for their souls' health. The howl of protest which went up from the other benefactors is still echoing in the Sangre de Cristo mountains, and until the Commissioner departed from office his subordinates were still occupied, to the point of extreme weariness, in explaining his letter away.

All this is part of the jolly heritage handed on to the new administration of the Interior Department. It has been comparatively quiescent now

for several years; a fact which deceives no one. For as soon as Mr. Ray Lyman Wilbur lets it be known that he either does or does not intend to do anything about the dances the rioting will break out afresh.

I have said that the Pueblo is a picturesque and interesting Indian, but that is only one reason for the hullabaloo about him. The other reason is that at Santa Fé and Taos he has white neighbors of artistic and literary persuasion, who paint his picture and grow eloquent over his wrongs, often without knowing precisely what the latter are. This gives him an enormous send-off in the matter of publicity, and draws upon his swarthy head the benevolent attention of all the other red man's well-wishers who roam the United States. And now you know why the Pueblos, who constitute about two per cent of the Indian population of the United States, have been getting ninety-eight per cent of the ballyhoo — save for the unfortunate oil Indians of Oklahoma.

THE ordinary benighted onlooker at one of the Pueblo corn dances is somewhat mystified as to what all the shooting is about. All day, monotonous tum-tum-tum-tum of drums, tuneless (to the Anglo-Saxon ear) chanting, long files of curiously bedecked redskins manœuvering about like companies on a parade ground — all this is not only harmless but, except to the ladies with notebooks who are laboriously tracking down the symbolism, it is also somewhat boring after the first half hour. The glamour of these occasions is not so much in the dancing as in something else; in the blinding blue

sky, the perfect grace of terraced adobe dwellings against a blue shoulder of mountain, the trailing plumes of tamarisk, the magical Southwestern light, at once dazzling and subtle, which turns even cart tracks in the road to sculpture.

THE real clue to the disturbance, however, is not in these performances which the public may sit and watch all day if it wishes; it is in the existence of certain secret rites which no one sees except Indians. The fascination of these secret ceremonies lies in the fact that no one knows anything about them. Or rather, no two groups of people know the same thing about them. According to some reliable sources of information, the ceremonies are indubitably of a phallic nature, but they are histrionic and not real, so with a little broadmindedness there is no cause for alarm. According to other reliable sources they consist of the most ingenious and actual obscenities. These, it is said, have been fully described, in affidavits, by honest Indians who have lost their taste for them, as anyone may verify by referring to the secret dance files of the Indian bureau. Another wing of sympathizers pooh-poohs the affidavits, saying that the Indians who made them merely had a grudge against their neighbors and took this way of getting even.

In the course of all this airing of views, several seasons ago, the Young Women's Christian Association sent Miss Edith M. Dabb, representing its Indian Department, to investigate the secret dances. I have never been told that she personally viewed any of these ambiguous perform-

ances, but she heard enough to confirm the Y. W. C. A.'s worst suspicions. Upon learning of her report, several scholarly gentlemen in museums rushed into print denouncing it as a slander on a noble people. They themselves had been present at several Indian dances when on field trips, and could testify personally to their innocence and beauty. At about the same time a professional friend of the red man brought a delegation of Pueblos to New York and had them go through their familiar gyrations on the stage of the Town Hall, to demonstrate to the Eastern public that only an impure mind could see evil in such a performance.

ONE may venture to guess that where so much smoke about the secret dances exists there is probably a little fire. The American Indian would be unlike most other primitive peoples if he did not engage in some sort of phallic ritual, and it is conceivable, though hardly proved, that in some cases this may involve abuses. Some of the reformers are so swept away by enthusiasm, however, that they not only demand the extirpation of the secret rites — without saying how they would go about it — but they also want to ban the rather wearisome open-air exercises I have described.

This movement for suppression is tied up, as one would expect, with the religious bodies. Little, if any, of it originates on New Mexican soil. There are hardly any Protestant missionaries among the Pueblos, who were all duly converted by the Franciscan fathers in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, and who are

still Catholic after a fashion. That is, they hold superbly pagan dances on some Christian saints' days, and they have colored prints of the Virgin in their houses. For the rest they are serenely and solidly heathen, and the Catholic priests are serene also. They do not care whether their charges dance or not.

WITH the Protestant missionaries, though, it is different. All up and down the West they have wrestled for years to curb the convivial disposition of their dark-skinned flocks, who are universally addicted to these all-day rowdydows in some form. Having failed to reform these heathen practices by persuasion, the religious gentry naturally expect the Government to do it for them by regulation. So some time ago — it was 1922, I believe — there was a missionary pow-wow in the Sioux country, at which the following recommendations were adopted and forwarded to Commissioner Burke:

1. That the Indian dances be limited to one in each month, in the daylight hours of one day in the mid week, and at one centre in each district; the months of March, April, June, July and August being excepted.
2. That none take part in the dances or be present who is under fifty years of age.
3. That a careful propaganda be undertaken to educate public opinion against the dance and to provide a healthy substitute.

For some time before receiving these recommendations the Commissioner had teetered successfully between one side and the other of the dance controversy. When the protests of the pious grew too loud, he would issue a circular bidding the Reservation superintendents take drastic steps to restrict the dances, adding hastily, "but only through

the exercise of thoughtful discretion and mature judgment, after patient advisory methods have been exhausted." Such a message had two-fold advantages. Its stern tone would quiet the missionaries, while if any agent were rash enough actually to do anything on the strength of it, and a howl arose, the higher powers could say, "We never told him to."

AFTER the missionary recommendations I have quoted, however, the Commissioner teetered too far. In 1923 he dispatched a letter addressed "To All Indians," and as he mandered along in his characteristic literary style attentive readers were faintly shocked to perceive that Mr. Burke appeared to be saying something. This impression he subsequently corrected in haste, but what his letter contained was in part as follows.

I could issue an order against these useless and harmful performances, but I would much rather have you give them up of your own free will, and therefore I ask you now in this letter to do so. . . . If at the end of one year . . . you are doing as requested, I shall be very glad . . . but if the reports show that you reject this plea, then some other course will have to be taken.

Certain internal evidence showed that this document was not really aimed at the Pueblos, but at their rowdy cousins of the plain tribes, who so greatly vexed the missionaries. Nevertheless, public opinion applied it to the Pueblos swiftly and specifically. The uproar which followed was whooped up by the American Indian Defense Association, of which the able and ubiquitous Dr. Haven Emerson is president — John Collier being its general factotum. It was not enough merely to state that

the Queres Indian, commonly called Pueblo, is a decorative barbarian with a very interesting primitive culture. Instead, remote parts of the country learned that the artistic development of this remarkable people rivalled the Cinquecento, and that under its communal government of councillors and caciques existed a state of civic felicity and rugged personal virtue which could only be compared to the best days of the Roman republic.

Meanwhile someone discovered that the remarks of the Commissioner on the subject of Indian dances outraged the principle of religious liberty. Charles F. Lummis, the literary discoverer of the Southwest, made an address before a convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in which he actually compared the tactics of the Indian Bureau to the Spanish Inquisition, and likened Mr. Burke to Torquemada. He also revealed that the dance oppression was in reality a dark and devilish scheme to get hold of the Indians' land!

IN ALL this confusion of sound one strikingly lucid note was scarcely heard. It came from a white Government farmer attached to one of the pueblos, who expressed himself thus in pencil, on blue-lined paper:

In reply to the letter of Commissioner Burke in the case of the dancing, the Indians are all working on their fields planting wheat, and what the Indians need the most is seed as they are very poor at present.

No one paid the slightest attention to him.

In the summer of 1924 the dance fracas was still popping when the powers in Washington blundered into

another hornets' nest. The Indians of Taos were withdrawing two boys from the Government school every year to be educated for the priesthood, in accordance with their ancient custom. The Interior Department now discovered that this was a violation of the compulsory school law, and decreed that the boys would have to stay in school and receive their sacerdotal training in vacation time. It was a typically wooden-headed bureaucratic gesture, no more. But it was naturally seized upon as further evidence of a sinister Governmental plot against the religious liberty of the Pueblos, and dozens of people wrote letters to the editor, asserting the right of the red-skin to practise his ancient customs in his ancient way.

THEY were still thus engaged, when two young Indians of Taos were whipped by order of the Indian authorities of the pueblo for refusing to wear their trousers cut as tradition dictated. This brought in a chorus of new voices inquiring, not unreasonably, "Yes, but what do you mean by religious liberty?" The venerable Indian Rights Association, for one, was agitated because, it believed, when boys and girls went home to some of the pueblos from Government schools, they were persecuted by the tribal elders for declining to take part in certain ceremonies. The spokesman for this organization, Mr. Matthew K. Sniffen, may or may not have been right as to the nature of the ceremonies, but in any case his attitudes shocked and hurt a member of the æsthetic faction, who wrote to him:

The concept of religious liberty — toleration and live and let live — accepted by

Christians with a good many mental reservations and qualifications, is an American concept which we have no right to force upon our wards. I want the Indians to preserve their fine old pagan religion, the faith of their ancestors, and a certain amount of persecution of renegades and apostates strikes me as probably necessary to that end.

DURING the last year or two the investigations of a Senate committee have been steadily building up an appalling picture of poverty, disease and neglect on many Indian reservations; conditions shockingly worse, in many cases, than the much-publicized Pueblo has suffered, though the latter are bad enough.

Let us prayerfully hope that public indignation will be aroused at last by all this to the point of overhauling the Indian service. Yet, regarding the Pueblos, it will help if public indignation stays this side of hysterics, for once, and focuses its rolling eye on some objective facts. If these interesting Indians are afflicted with tuberculosis, trachoma and other less mentionable diseases, who and what are responsible?

No one disputes the abysmal stupidity and incompetence displayed by the administration of Indian affairs, and it would be very convenient and simple if that were the whole story, but unfortunately it is not; not in New Mexico. The martyred Pueblos, for whom one has profound sympathy, are nevertheless "conservative," — that is, except for a few show Indians who are always trotted out to impress the innocent, they exhibit an obstinate preference for dying of their accustomed diseases, without any interference from anybody.

Now the United States Indian

Service is a multiple personality, and here and there among its subordinate members are devoted, able and courageous people who, amid all the wrangling about the Indian's morals and his æsthetic values, have tried to look after his prosaic material welfare. Among the more frenzied friends of the red man, however, the motto is, "The *only* good Indian agent is a dead Indian agent." These benefactors are interested in perpetuating his dances, his worship, his artistic self-expression. As one distinguished member of the Santa Fé colony put it, "We want to preserve the Indian like the geysers, the big trees and the buffalo." With marvelous aplomb they damn the Government for its failure to achieve asepsis in the pueblos, and in the next breath condemn it for trying to interfere with the fine old unsanitary customs of the aborigine. None of which would matter — except that it increases the difficulty of doing anything about the diseases. Into the willing ears of their Indian friends the benefactors buzz advice: that they must resist the brutal efforts of an unimaginative bureaucracy to force modern civilization on them, even if it is teaching them to use a toothbrush.

THE trouble is that Indian dances, religion and manner of living are all interwoven in a hopelessly tangled whole. Like other theologies, the Indian's is in many respects both beautiful and admirable, and it arouses literary ladies to flights of ecstasy. But in the interest of realism one must note that if an Indian girl wants a doctor when she has a baby, it is this same religion, in the person

of the pueblo elders, which steps in and says, "No!" Again, when the Government digs wells in some of the more conservative pueblos, the inhabitants hurl refuse down them, break the pumping machinery and go on drinking ditch water in their quaint ancestral way. If the population gets typhoid that, too, is a by-product of religion — but the literary persons fail to see the connection.

ALL in all the Truth, always a skittish lady, is more than ordinarily coy where the Pueblos are concerned. This "picturesque and lovable race" is not altogether innocent of the art of politics; it uses its voluble sympathizers — but it does not accept them. Toward all, or practically all, white people the Pueblo erects a stone wall of reticence on every subject that concerns his Indian life, and the people who gush appreciation of its beauty are seldom rewarded with full information about it — or with invitations to the secret dances.

Consequently it is not surprising if archæologists, literary ladies and the Y. W. C. A. combined have learned only a meagre amount about the life of the Southwestern tribes and the details of their ceremonies. No one knows the whole pattern of their intricate social fabric, of which religion is the warp and tribal organization the woof. Occasionally a white visitor, on ethnology bent, has questioned an Indian too closely as to the traditions of his tribe, and the resourceful redskin has replied with a perfectly straight face by relating the traditions of a neighboring tribe.

It is these little things that make the truth about their dances elusive.

It is so elusive that authorities are still at variance over so apparently simple a question of fact as whether or not the poison apparatus of the rattlesnakes is tampered with in the Hopi snake dance. Mr. Leo Crane, the author, who was agent for eight years in the Hopi country, says he does not know.

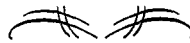
However, the dance muddle, as I have already hinted, is only one facet of a vaster, a comprehensive muddle. The whole question of how far one should presume to interfere with the Indian for his own good is one of the most involved and delicate problems which ever split the head of an administrator. How shall we regard the claims of an ancient culture amid the pressure of modern conditions? For this, it may be, there is no perfect solution, nor one devoid of bitterness.

If that is true, perhaps the best thing is to face it. The writer wishes modestly to point out that, practically alone among her kind, she is not offering a solution of the larger Indian problem. It seems fairly clear, however, that in order to arrive at any solution at all it is first

necessary to regard the Indian as an Indian, and not as a convenient proving ground for one's theories of life. Of all human perplexities this one, so old and so involved, calls most urgently for that rare and priceless thing, a sense of fact.

The appointment of Charles J. Rhoads of Philadelphia to the office of Indian Commissioner looks like better times ahead for the Indians — and a bad time for Mr. Rhoads. The new head of the Indian bureau is an officer of the Indian Rights Association, which for almost fifty years has shown vigilance and a bull-dog determination in defense of just what its name sets forth — Indian rights. It is more than likely that with Mr. Wilbur back of him he will wield a powerful new broom to clean out the disgraceful mess of dirt, disease and corruption which has been found on so many reservations.

But as soon as ever his material improvements run counter to the delicate claims of culture — and they will — his troubles will begin. May Commissioner Rhoads enjoy the judgment of Solomon! He will need it.



Before the Tribal Shrine

BY CAROLINE S. SHUNK

God of the Igorrote!
Before the Tribal Shrine
I pour the wine of coconut,
I spread the blossom of the Bua tree,
I offer the blood of a white dove.

Give to my savage man
The head of his enemy;
To my first born son,
Give Love!

Answer Yes or No

BY JOHN HOLLEY CLARK, JR.

The plight of the witness under cross examination, and some rules by which to minimize the ordeal

WE LAWYERS have been practising law for two thousand years and more. We practise on the unsuspecting layman.

We have more fun than the doctors. They practise on their own patients. We practise on our rivals' patients. They must treat their patients well or they lose them. We must treat our rivals' patients ill or we lose our own.

We go into court to establish as true a certain state of facts. We believe it to be true because our clients say it is true. The cynical say we believe it to be true because we are paid to believe it.

But "What is truth?" said jesting Pilate, and did not stay for an answer."

At any rate we finally arrive in court only to find — as we have been duly informed for months — that our rivals' clients say the truth is something quite different.

And then we must so practise on those clients as to prove to twelve good men and true that they are not to be believed.

The methods of doing this are well established. They were succinctly stated nineteen hundred years ago by the Dean of the Roman Law

School, Professor M. Fabius Quintilian, as follows:

"If (the witness) is timid he may be frightened; if foolish, misled; if irascible, provoked; if vain, flattered; if prolix, drawn from the point; if, on the contrary, a witness is sensible and self-possessed he may be hastily dismissed as malicious and obstinate or he may be put out of countenance by a jest, or if anything can be said against his moral character his conduct may be overthrown on infamous charges."

This about sums up what lawyers try to do today to witnesses who tell a story different from the one they are maintaining.

FOR numerous thousands of years the lawyers have been "practising" this art of cross examination. They have written books upon books about it. They gleefully recall instances where witnesses were confounded. They pride themselves on winning cases, and he is most sought after by clients who gets the most verdicts — whether with or against the evidence.

It all seems a delightful game as you read of it, and practise it. It is

big game hunting! Man hunting! Showing up the liar — doing justice!

I thought well of it, had some scalps at my belt, and was an enthusiast on the warpath until recently. But it so happened that I had to be a witness myself. I appeared before a political board which did not want to believe me. After a vigorous — even brutal — cross examination it succeeded in not believing me, though later events proved that I spoke nothing but the truth.

THEN it occurred to me that perhaps too little attention had been paid to the instruction of the cross examinee, the unwilling patient, the man in the street. Cross examination is a mental duel between witness and lawyer. The lawyer has been learning and practising for thousands of years. The witness is always a novice. His lawyer may instruct him but quite often he will not.

Usually witnesses march up to the stand as innocent of law or cross examination or what to do or what to look out for as they might have been the day they were born. And you may search the libraries in vain for any book telling of the art of being cross examined.

Yet it is as much an art to get a story over against cross examination as it is to break a story down by cross examination.

All of us are in imminent danger of cross examination. Particularly all laymen are constantly in peril. They ought to know what to do about it.

Most lawyers tell their clients to "Tell the truth and shame the devil". But that is by no means all of it. You may tell the truth ever so conscientiously. It will not avail you

if the opposing lawyer is bent on making it appear false and you fall into his snare.

What to do about it?

The best thing is to remember Professor Quintillian. Do not be timid or you will be frightened. Do not be foolish or you will be misled. Do not be vain or fall for flattery; above all, do not be prolix or you will be drawn from the point — and say things that will sound foolish.

Timidity is hard to control. I have seen perfectly truthful witnesses give every appearance of lying. They move uneasily in the witness chair. They put hand to mouth. They let their eye wander. They are the picture of the caged animal.

Such an appearance is fresh meat to the cross examiner. If your story is important, opposing counsel will take it for granted you are lying and subject you to what Wellman calls "the particular form of torture in store for the perjurer".

NOT long ago one of my clients was complaining witness in an important criminal case. Although the story he told was true as the Gospel and although he had been in public life many years, he had never been on the witness stand. He was nervous and he showed it. The first question the cross examiner asked was about a letter my client had given the defendant and which described the defendant as his "chief investigator".

The examination went something like this:

Q. Was defendant your "chief investigator"?

A. Well at the time —

Q. Please answer yes or no.

A. No.

Q. Then the letter was false?

A. He told me it was.

Q. So you wrote a letter — “To whom it may concern” — that is to all the world — which was false, because the defendant told you to. Is that so or is it not?

A. Well the letter was written for a purpose —

Q. Please answer the question yes or no.

A. I cannot.

And then, after some sparring a reluctant “Yes.”

Nothing could sound much more foolish. But the explanation — given on redirect — made it all plain. The defendant had been an investigator for my client’s former attorney, and so indirectly for my client. He had wanted to investigate a mysterious murder and suggested that such a letter would give him an entrée he could not otherwise get.

MY CLIENT’S mistakes were first in not concealing his nervousness and second in answering either yes or no to a question which could not be answered yes or no.

No witness is required to do that. The reason cross examiners try to pin witnesses down is to avoid explanations. For, as Wellman says, “If you allow the witness a chance to give his reasons or explanations, you may be sure they will be damaging to you, not to him.”

The witness’ defense against this is to control himself. No matter how simple the question he is asked to answer “yes or no”, if it cannot be so answered he should say so and keep on saying so until allowed to explain or until counsel goes on to another point.

Beside the classical question, “Have you stopped beating your

wife?” there are many others much simpler which cannot be answered by yes or no. A witness often is badgered by an attorney to answer yes or no until he gives in when he should not. He thinks if he maintains that he cannot answer yes or no he will seem to be evasive.

DON’T worry about appearing evasive. It is better to appear evasive than to fall into a trap. You can always fall back on the effective retort of Henry Ward Beecher when his cross examiner in the Tilton case asked him why he was so evasive. “Because I am afraid of you,” said Beecher simply.

Don’t be afraid to be afraid of traps or to say so if necessary. Always remember that the jury is watching the duel. They know when you are being badgered. Also remember that after the cross examination is finished, your own counsel can take you in hand on redirect and let you explain your evasions, your inconsistencies and all your lapses. And remember further that both your own counsel and the judge are there to see that you are fairly treated.

But the first and greatest defense is to be no more nervous than nature demands and to do your best to conceal what nervousness you feel.

If the opposing counsel interrupts with a vigorous objection that the question is “irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial” and a lot more Choctaw, if he asks the judge to “Please caution the witness not to answer questions while I am objecting”, don’t think you are about to be committed for contempt. This is only part of the game. Keep your head, let your lawyer look out for the

objections, and answer the questions.

Don't be nervous, is first. Don't be foolish, explains itself. Don't be irascible, is the third maxim. "Hold your temper while you lead the witness to lose his", is the Golden Rule of cross examiners. It is even more important for witnesses. If you get angry you will say things you don't mean — or things you do mean and don't want known.

The fourth maxim is, don't be vain. The smoothest trick of the cross examiner is to get on your soft side — to lead you to admit you are quite a remarkable person. Then he traps you into showing that you are not. I have seen vast numbers of witnesses taken in by such obvious soft soap as "You have quite a remarkable memory, Mr. Jones;" "You are a very expert accountant, Mr. Brown;" "You have made a deep study of this subject, Mr. Smith?" etc. etc.

Every time the cross examiner gets oily, look out. Always remember he is your enemy. If he puffs you up it is only to explode you.

THERE was, for instance, the doctor called in a railroad accident case. He was an expert on nervous diseases, but vain. The cross examiner flattered him to death. He had read Smith on this, Jones on that, Gervais on the other and so on through a long list of authorities that never existed. The doctor fell. He had read them all. But toward the end he got suspicious. The names sounded plausible, but he began to doubt. Finally he was asked about Hall on Traumatic Neurosis, a *bona fide* authority. This was too much. "There

is no such book," said he. He was ruined.

So don't be puffed up. Don't admit you are wonderful about anything.

And finally don't be prolix. Don't try to explain everything. It makes you appear nervous. If you are allowed to explain, either the cross examiner is asleep at the switch or he thinks you are the kind that will explain yourself into difficulties. If he is asleep make your explanation but do not overdo it.

ALL these don'ts, of course, have their limitations. The first and primary duty of the cross examiner is to know his witness. He should never cease to size him up. The witness' duty is the same. Know your adversary. He never knows what you know, but you can tell pretty well both what he knows and what he is.

If he is the kind that thinks cross examination consists in "repeating the direct examination in a very angry tone," let him rave. If he speaks quietly, watch him. He may be stupid and you can trap him. He may be smart and trying to trap you.

The day is gone when two or three great advocates try all the important cases. The man in the street today — particularly in America — is most apt to encounter the lawyer in the street.

There are many lawyers who seldom go to court. They have no more experience in cross examination than the witness in testifying. And it is my experience that the ordinary man is a match for the ordinary lawyer. The daily business contacts of the active man of affairs make his mind keener than that of the office lawyer

who spends his time with contracts, deeds, wills, and what not.

And even the best lawyers are often outwitted — and by ordinary men.

Quintillian says "All questions ought to be extremely circumspect because a witness often utters sharp repartees in answer to the advocate and is thus regarded with a highly favorable feeling by the audience in general."

I have seen this happen over and over. A bullied witness often wins a case. You will not find many instances in books. Lawyers do not boast of them. But the best lawyers have been put to rout by honest witnesses some time or other.

One instance of this was the doctor who had tried to qualify as an expert on a disease akin to nervousness but not quite that. The cross examiner asked him to answer yes or no whether he was not a "neurologist pure and simple". Quickly he answered "Moderately pure and absolutely simple." The laugh saved him.

A MOST dramatic instance of a witness getting the best of counsel occurred in an important Prohibition conspiracy case which I prosecuted. One of my witnesses was a man who had had charge for twenty-six years of the indemnity department of a large fidelity company. One of the defendants in the case had gone to the man, had flattered him, deceived him, plied him with drink and finally persuaded him to sign a bond for \$115,000 against the diversion of 5,000 cases of whiskey. The whiskey had already been diverted and the supposed principal on the

bond did not exist. As a result the witness had lost his job; his wife and four children were starving and he had taken heavily to drink. He had gone to the defendants for \$200 to help out, only to be refused.

The cross examiner started out:

Q. The real reason you are here is because you could not shake these defendants down for \$200, is it not?

A. No it is not.

Q. You are angry with them, aren't you?

A. Yes, I am, and I have good reason to be and I will tell you why if you want. Ask me to tell you why.

Q. All right, tell me why.

THE witness sat back in his chair. In a pathetic voice he began, "When I was sixteen years old I went to work for this company". He was starting to tell the ruin the defendants had worked.

In a moment counsel for some of the minor defendants were on their feet objecting. They could not stand the truth. Chief counsel had lost his head when he was provoked into asking "Why?" The judge finally protected defendants from the answer to their own question. But the jury got the point. Chief counsel slumped down in his seat, utterly routed.

Wellman gives another instance of a quieter sort.

He knew his witness had once been in an insane asylum on Ward's Island. Sneeringly he asked. "You were once on Ward's Island, weren't you?" He was quite put to rout by this reply:

"I was sent there because I was insane; you see my wife was very ill with locomotor ataxia. She had been ill a year. I was her only nurse. I

tended her day and night. We loved each other dearly. I was greatly worried over her long illness and frightful suffering. The result was I worried too deeply; she had been very good to me. I overstrained myself; my mind gave way. But I am better now, thank you."

So witnesses sometimes have their innings. Jove nods or the examiner is not as smart as the witness.

Every real opportunity to confound the examiner should be taken advantage of. But don't be anxious for it. Many witnesses, by trying to

get the best of the cross examiner give an impression of forwardness and smartness that hurts their testimony. Don't be so anxious to score a hit that the jury may think you are trying to examine the attorney.

To most witnesses the supreme delight of laying the cross examiner flat is not granted.

The best they can do is remember the five don'ts. Don't be nervous, don't be foolish, don't be irascible, don't be vain, don't be prolix. Tell the truth and shame the devil — of a lawyer.



Arias for Angels

BY TILLMAN BREISETH

Being a study of the business of the vocalists who thrive upon press-agentry with generous backing by wealthy patrons

THE tremendous national success of a prima donna at the age of nineteen was engrossing enough at a time when the average age of the reigning Metropolitan stars certainly was nearer to forty. Her announced retirement at twenty-three was even more astonishing to a public used to glorifying the musical rather than the agricultural life. And it suggests an interesting situation in the world of voice.

Encouraged by the somewhat doubtful acclamation of several of the younger vocalists in our major opera company, a crowd of protectors (of the vocalist, not the public) threaten to keep our operatic and concert stages continuously ringing with roulades. And the slightly tipsy brilliance of their cadenzas is apparently satisfying a public that never heard of Melba, unless it were in connection with a perfume or a cigar. Indeed, so many of these backers are pushing their protégés forward that we must soon be menaced by the terrifying circumstance of having more "angels" on earth than there will ever be in heaven.

Opera was once kept chiefly as a glittering symbol of social distinc-

tion, and no one minded if the performances *were* good. But with the vocalist coming into power there has been a series of débuts with a fixed routine. First the hint of a discovery, more hints until the début, the trainload of home-town applauders, their applause, next morning a front page story; the result is a box office name. The opera then prospers, for people are attracted by a dizzy overnight success. The dainty and precocious Marion Talley followed the routine and did well at \$3,500 a performance in the hinterland. And Mary Lewis and Grace Moore had fireworks on the front page, but no fine frenzy from the critics.

FINDING inspiration in the rewards of these fair maids, a multitude of vocal adventurers now enjoys the sport of patron-hunting. These vagabonds in music I prefer to call *vocalists* rather than singers, for they use their voices but they do not sing. With a portfolio of the right music, a hypercritical tongue for all established musical performers, a facility at vocalizing in an auspicious manner, a run of scandalous and fast professional gossip, a vocabulary of

convincing studio technicalities, and a sartorial appearance of rakish freedom — with these talents a considerable group of people are attempting to make their livings as singers.

Furthermore, they are succeeding in the attempt. They are presented with such a noise that those sometime estimable persons, the critics, are deafened. But that matters not, for the vocalist's money lender is more apt to read the front page news of a début than seek out the critical comment on an inside page. He feels he gets his money's worth from a front page hullabaloo.

AT THE risk of having my face slapped I must say that the patron's love of the singing art is not always platonic. Yet, there are other patrons who are burned by the desire to affiliate themselves with the magic of art, and others who find Career-Building the newest thing in self-advertising. "Art pays," is the slogan they have adopted.

Many of the blessed angels mean well; it is only that they confuse tinkling coins with musical values. And the standards that should be built by a young and expectant public are being threatened by the dry rot of ignorant affluence.

A fine voice is not necessarily accompanied by musicianship, but it too often spells CAREER when advertised extensively and backed by enough money. It is easier to exploit a vocalist than a pianist, for a pianist cannot so easily hide incompetent training. So much in singing is intangible, subjective, and personal that incompetence thrives. Teachers have made their rates ridiculously high; small-time patrons have clut-

tered up the profession with the most unworthy of aspirants; opera's susceptibility to newspaper fanfares has made débuts into silly farces. This threatens to drive out of existence the real artist — the singer.

* * *

WHEN a prominent soprano was hit on the head with a golf ball and knocked unconscious, one New York critic rejoiced. "One less soprano," said he. But two days later she sang at a benefit. "Which," remarked the critic, "only proves my contention that sopranos don't need their heads to sing with." Substitute the word "vocalist" for "soprano" and the remark is apt.

The vocalist is the illegitimate child of the art of singing. If he has the necessary voice, he then has no interest in developing it. Symphony orchestra conductors explode at the mention of vocal soloists. "They are not musicians," they say. The whole singing profession gets this reputation from those vocalists who have made their names on a few songs a coach has taught them, but are dazed and lost within the confining boundaries of an orchestral score.

If art is not experimental, seeking to rise and soar, it is three-a-day vaudeville. And many of our older concert performers have fallen, with success, into the habits of the vocalist. Standardizing their programmes, they run across the country year after year with the same old songs — *On the Road to Mandalay*, for instance, and *Fuzzy Wuzzy*, *Danny Deever*, and *Duna*. No doubt they would say that the audiences demand these favorites, but I for one, after

hearing them, could find real comfort again in *Ob! Dry Those Tears*.

Real singers often receive financial aid, although I have never known such a singer who sought patronage as his life's purpose. But the vocalist *must* have a subsidy to maintain his prestige, to keep his flamboyant soul on the ascendency and his striking poses guarded from deterioration. Except for the sad fact that he discolors the singing profession we all must admit his high sybaritic worthiness . . . And, in our more kindly seconds we do realize that it does the Park Avenue ladies good to take their tenors and their libidos to the Continent for the summer, bad as it is for the Continent.

FEATURING and proud of its inexperienced vocalists one opera company brings to the scene many patron hunters. As though consciously attempting to be obliging, the management has conducted rehearsals at a fashionable hot weather colony, where several of the sentimental ladies entertained the vocalists. After that the competition became fierce. Everyone trotted out his prettiest ballads—and some soon learned that it was necessary only to inquire tenderly as to the state of health to win a lady's check-writing hand.

Touching tales of sacrifice are always whirling in those circles where the voice is eminent. One good woman told me she was canceling her steamship reservations in favor of cheaper accommodations. "The saving," she said, "will give Mr. Blank a season on the Continent." Mr. Blank is one of those vocalists who believe Italian food will develop a voice.

Although vocalists come in a never ending variety, the most common specimen is the studio singer. He always studies but never sings; he is never quite ready. I know one of these hardy perennials who has been troubling his voice for ten years. He is always taking vacations and changing teachers. He limits his "public appearances" to sickly tea parties given by ladies who like their entertainment sweet but gratis. Several socially prominent women, so he puts it, are dying to give him a spectacular début. But he is afraid there are strings attached that will entangle him!

By this time the question forms itself: should the student of singing need more financial aid during the period of training than other students in the arts? There is no reason to believe he should. In singing, with church work, chorus parts in musical shows, and the radio, there are many opportunities for self-support without the prerequisites of experience and much training.

OUR best singers have moved slowly, mastering a firm technique as they sought experience. Rosa Ponselle was long a vaudeville favorite before she met Giulio Gatti-Casazza; Amelita Galli-Curci had her round of the picture houses; Roland Hayes did his share of minor singing before recognition came. And when Feodor Chaliapin failed at the Metropolitan (a failure full of professional malice) it was twelve years before he could be persuaded to come back.

But the vocalist must move more quickly. And the flight he makes is flimsy. Although he may appear to

have some depth, he surrounds himself with so much light that he is like a petticoat-less lady in the sun. The musician can always see through him.

SINCE an operatic success is the easiest to achieve of any in serious music, we find the natural goal of the vocalist is opera. Through advertising and press agency the American public has been led to believe that opera is the quintessence of the singing art. Operatic stars who dare to challenge critical attention in a recital of songs prove the posturing superficiality of opera.

Our rationalistic Nationalists have long discussed the logic of opera in English, with American singers. Now they can witness their logic. The American Opera Company has asked the public, in the name of the flag, to patronize performances sung in English that sounded less native than the prospectus. The company came to us from Rochester, New York. Then it was billed as "of New York." Last season Chicago sponsored it. How fortunate there are so many large cities in this country. It seems to have no trouble in finding patronage. Mrs. Eleanor Freer of Chicago has been interested in the cause, and was well repaid when they produced her lovely *Legend of the Piper*—quite as though it were Verdi or Flotow. And they were both patriotic and original when they devised a new combination and played Mr. Charles Wakefield Cadman's very thrilling *Sunset Trail* on the same programme with Pagliacci. In all their ventures, even though the translations are good and the staging novel, the singing of the vocalists is rarely adequate. The voices are generally light, un-

finished, frail, and styleless. And if the musical performance of an opera is not competent there is nothing else for which to stay awake.

Opera originally written in English is a worthy hope for the future. Deems Taylor is our only significant pioneer. With the gestures of the vocalist as they are, and translated opera as it is, we must agree that opera remains, as ever, a brilliantly gilded institution where it is convenient and pleasant to meet your friends. And the operatic débutante is generally finding her second year the hardest. The critics about that time lose their gentility and find their ears.

BUT the vocalist *must* study. Sometimes it seems that New York is entirely populated by music students, especially those who are vocal. Call yourself Madame, or better, Maestro and you can get up to \$30 the half-hour . . . or what have you? Chicago is afflicted as badly as New York. To be sure, the virus has attacked the entire country. Small conservatories have sprung up like weeds and are worth as much. Very often they are run by Europeans whose careers never developed, for this reason or that . . . believe it or not. Outside of New York they get \$20 a lesson. And in one small Middle Western city a music school with an enrollment of 4,000 students struggles with competition. The vocalist starts young.

Vocal factories operate as efficiently as the Ford Motor plant. One of the best advertised in New York has a staff of secretaries to smile and speak softly to all who are drawn in. The little moth is first

"granted" an audition before she is burned for the audition fee. After the audition the Maestro meditates, then says: "Oh, your voice is charming. It is delightful. But you are not quite ready to study with *me*. Now I have an assistant who is just the person for you. Go with him until you learn my method. Then I will take you."

THE story goes that a young Southern vocalist (the young ladies are quite often from the South) studied with a certain teacher for a year. At the end of that time she had less voice than when she started. "See here," he said to her, "you have a very special kind of a vocal problem. But my wife is used to dealing with just that kind of thing, and can surely help you." The young lady made arrangements for an audition with the wife, but through an error got into a group of new students. Finally the wife heard her. She listened with a look of sadness on her face. "My dear," she said, "you have a lovely voice, but who in God's name ruined it?"

To ruin or not, these vampires of voice have a gang of assistants. One specializes in breath control, another in diction. Then there are always lessons in German, French, and Italian to be recommended, and only *one* teacher who is any good. As some teachers insist that strenuous exercise will ruin a voice and others know a dandy gymnasium where the diaphragm can be strengthened, it is necessary only to be convincing. The more recommendations the more revenue.

The vocal pedagogue loves the Master Class idea. Such classes are usually conducted by the more pluto-

cratic teachers for periods of from two to six weeks. Many of them vaguely promise to deliver a complete technique within that time. However, their chief aim is to build from their summer students a winter clientèle. Coaching can be worthwhile for short periods, but when they promise to accomplish the work of years in six weeks their racket becomes a trifle noisy.

The vocal diagnostician (as he calls himself if he wants the protection of science) who has a fashionable studio must also have a European season. In June he sails with his coterie of favorites, who are the more materially endowed. There is an expensively temperamental old Madame who sails every summer. Since she began her career in Europe she returns each year to her old pupils there, pupils whom she embraces wholeheartedly, much to the sorrow of the proud American vocalist. For he often finds himself, after crossing the wide expanse of water, limited to one lesson a week in favor of some German tenor who has developed nodes on his vocal cords since Madame's last visit.

THERE is a well-known teacher who is supposed to have a never failing method. It seems, however, to be financial. She "accepted" a young baritone whom I know. Since the fee was too high for him she agreed to cut it in half. He was jubilant over this until he found out that she had made a similar cut for another pupil, only to send her a bill for \$2,000 when she had achieved prosperity. It is interesting to note that this teacher mentions herself in the same breath with Patti.

The reason that poor teachers can have illustrious pupils is that some voices are *placed* (to use a technicality) by nature and cannot easily be harmed. Such voices need only exercise and discipline. In my opinion, Rosa Ponselle has a voice that is a striking example of natural placement. However, since she has distinguished herself, there are several teachers who claim to have "taught" her.

OF COURSE, I do not say that all teachers are charlatans. But those who promise much in little time for more money are dangerous. There are many good teachers. Frederick Bristol, the Dean of New York singing teachers, is an instance of one who has had amazing results in his sixty years of teaching. Although one cannot judge by a teacher's artist list, it is of interest that he has had as pupils Lillian Nordica, Olive Fremstad, and Edmond Clement. His fee is not fancy; his studio is not fancy; he does not advertise; and he refuses more pupils than he accepts. Voice culture is like pediatrics, for in both diagnosis is made with difficulty. Mr. Bristol is able to associate with every tone produced the workings of the physical mechanism producing it. That is why he is said to "make" voices.

As a whole, however, it is a big business, and a grandly prosperous business. And the patron is the unconscious supporter of it all, the silent and stupid encourager. Teachers are often fond of patrons, and some of them make their studios brokerage offices where the sainted vocalists and the guardian angels are brought together.

And so the angels come . . . and don't imagine they are sexless. When a worthy brother of the congregation offers to pay for special Easter music, in honor of his dear dead wife, and then proceeds to specify that the Music Committee engage as soloist a certain twittering little blonde, you can be pretty sure you know a potential patron.

The vocalist knows what he wants. With a press agent, a voice, and a bag of tricks, he can buy recognition. The trouble with all this is that it has forced the real singer to resort to these same methods if he wants to get on. The excellence of his art will not be enough when there is competition with a vocalist who can force the attention of the public upon himself. And the real singer is often without a ballyhoo fund.

IT is said that if a singer is a real artist, patronage will not spoil him. It may not spoil him, but by its very nature, it cannot help him. The viewpoint of the patron is strange. When he gives, he wants to do it in a large reckless way, with flourish and gesture. I know a woman who interests herself in music. (That is, she has not missed an opera in twenty years, so that her remarks on singers are statistical, the number of times they have sung their various rôles, *et cetera*.) She once offered a tenor \$10,000 for European study. He refused it and has since achieved a good measure of acclaim. Although she offered him the \$10,000 in one flash, she never thought of helping him in his more penurious days by paying him a professional fee when she asked him to sing for her guests.

A great physician, so the story

goes, was at a dinner party. When the lovely lady next to him discovered what his profession was, she began telling him the symptoms of her illness. "Now Doctor," said she, "what should I do for it?" To this the physician, with much sweetness and more light, responded, "I would suggest that you consult a physician." Yet singers are always being taken advantage of in this way; they are invited to dinner and then asked to pay for it.

THE large associations of music clubs also find it convenient to work on the same charity basis. But they make matters worse by adding talk about "the highest ideals of music." By an apparent elevation of their aims they feel that a singer should be more than glad to sing for them without fee.

Another feature, and practically a necessity, of the game of singing is the annual New York and Chicago recital. The audiences at these affairs especially at the smaller salons, are social friends and followers of the recitalist. And there is usually much applause, supposedly to beguile the critics.

The reviews of these critics are supposed to help "sell" the recitalist to rural managers. But a singer has seldom been sold to an outside manager on the strength of a New York recital, unless that recital had enough news value to make the front page and the Associated Press. As publicity, the New York recital is about as worthless as trade journal advertising.

There are about ten of these trade journals, and if a singer wants to keep up with a widely advertised

vocalist he will have to take at least a page a year in each one of them. Since the rates go up to several hundred dollars a page, he will have to spend more for his advertising than does a fair-sized business, and get what? The big claim made by the journals is that their advertising keeps the singer's name before the managers, but it is certain that if a manager reads a trade journal at all he will bother only with those names he already knows.

PERHAPS our warblers are the most precious of artists, and deserve our utmost in care and consideration. But I doubt it. They are a hardy lot. Painters and sculptors often receive scholarships, but I know of none who has an endowment fund for his publicity. Many of them, quaintly enough, even seem to enjoy starving themselves a bit. And the more dispassionate critic of the singer will say that he, too, would do well by his figure to try for a time the dietary life. As for writers, they must bend over their desks and expect no Lady Bountiful to straighten them out.

Finally, the dependent parasites who cling to the singing art must be expected. The past decade has brought big business into singing. The press agents flourish, and send out their reams on the eccentric indolence of the prima donna. The vocalist is caught by this appeal. It is the life rather than the art of the singer that he wants. By means he knows best, he gets the money. And with money, he breaks first into the papers and then into song. And it seems that everyone is well done by — except, perhaps, the patient public.

What's Wrong on Broadway?

BY HENRY TETLOW

From a successful business man's point of view, the recent ebb in the show business results from disregard of every principle of sane business management

THE electric lights of Broadway shed their doubtful radiance far beyond the limits of Commissioner Whalen's traffic regulations. For New York is admittedly and naturally the theatrical capital of these United States, and theatre-goers everywhere are familiar with what goes on in the roaring Forties, and often more so than the subway dwellers of the city itself. They keep in touch on occasional visits, which are rarely so fraught with business as to allow no time and space for entertainment, and they form the biggest and most faithful audience for the numerous periodicals that reflect the tone and temper of smart amusement. Anything that deeply concerns Broadway arouses the interest, curiosity and opinion of the provinces.

Word has gone forth that the theatre has had another bad season. Specifically this means New York, though it may be as true elsewhere. But everywhere the question is, "What's the matter on Broadway?" The indifferent quality of the plays that reach other cities, the casualties which prevent many apparently

promising productions from ever reaching them, the evident inroads that motion pictures are making on the prestige of the provincial theatre — all these are referred back to Broadway. And it is assumed that Broadway knows the answer.

THERE is no evidence that Broadway knows anything of the sort. If it did, something sensible might be done about it. As a matter of fact, New York is more hopelessly confused concerning the state of its own theatre than its critics elsewhere. The aftermath of the theatrical season of 1928-29 consists chiefly of a lot of wreckage and a babel of tongues. Some say it's been a terrible season. Others maintain it was as good as usual. A third group keeps pasted in its hirsute investiture the Chorus Lady's profound dictum to the effect that any season is a poor season for a bum show. A visiting critic, after withstanding the slings and arrows of the Copperheads and Know-nothings for some seven months, pauses on his departure at a point midway between Ambrose and Overall Lights to bite his thumb at

us and assure us we have no idea how good the American theatre is if we think this has been an off year.

They say the talkies are ruining the legitimate theatre. They say the talkies can have no effect at all on the theatre. Traffic congestion is responsible for bad business; traffic congestion doesn't keep people away from the sell-outs. Ticket brokers have ruined the show business; ticket brokers perform a genuine service. The road is dead; plenty of shows are making money on tour. Lots of stock companies cannot get along; stock is booming. Many men, an occasional mind, myriad opinions and pronouncements. You pay your money and you take your choice.

SHOW business, like every other business under the sun, looks all around it—never within—for the “causes” of bad business. Yet no more in show business than in any other can success or failure be wholly credited either to external causes or its own account. In one respect, however, show business — when and where it is bad — falls far below the lowest grade in other industries. It is utterly lacking in even the rudiments of good business technique. And this egregious failure has not been touched by the critics, quacks or constructivists: a fair indication that few people in or out of show business realize it exists. Into this uncharted region with compass chain and plane table I now purpose to venture. But before we start exploring and excavating there are certain gods to be appeased, certain ghosts to be laid.

For example, many unthinking people believe show business differs

radically from all others because of the gamble inherent in picking the hits. Unquestionably there is no way to foretell or foresee a hit. But this fact does not put show business in a separate category all by itself. The idea that it differentiates show business from any other of the huge group of industries whose business depends on what our giant intellects of Advertisia call “consumer acceptance” is the feeblest kind of nonsense.

II FOR instance, am by a strange combination of fortunes, a perfumer. I will cheerfully pay anyone, including the Schuberts, a million dollars, who can tell me in advance how to compound an odor that will enjoy huge popularity. Show business is just another “style” business. You doubt it? Compare the style in plays of 1929 and 1909. To anticipate a little: the chief difference between show business and any sane occupation in this respect lies in the proportion of the entrepreneur's total capital invested in any one risk. The showman puts all the capital he can beg and borrow into one piece, plays one week to twenty per cent of capacity in Wilkes-Barre and decides to come into New York. Now, whether or not you won my first million dollars, I will pay you a second million if you can find me a perfumer, or ready-to-wear, or hosiery, or millinery manufacturer, who will take *one* style into ONE town, sell to one-fifth the dealers and — on the strength of that — risk every cent he has or can get, in the marketing of that one style.

Secondly, those — including myself — who live outside New York City may take exception to the

emphasis I put on that city in this discussion. Well, let us be men — not showmen. Let us admit those facts that really are facts. Just as New England was once the textile industry so today New York is the theatrical industry. There are signs and portents pointing to a change; but signs and portents are to existing facts as salesmen's "weather reports" are to a factory in need of orders. The first fact is that New York is today the theatrical centre of the world. One might think, for instance, from the number of English actors and actresses playing in New York theatres that London was that centre, at least for the English speaking world. Well, if you think that, go to London and count the number of American "hams" playing there. There are many more Americans in London than Britishers in New York. There are about half as many theatres in London as in New York. In any year since the war I venture to guess that a majority of the genuine (*i.e.* financial) successes on the London stage has been imported from America.

WITHIN the last three years about fifteen new theatres have been built in New York. That is, there has been an increase of about twenty or twenty-five per cent in the local industry's capacity. Actually, the theatres of New York have only played to about eighty per cent of capacity this season. And it must be borne in mind that a large part of the bad-business howl has come from the theatre owners and lessees who have forgotten they are not entrepreneurs making ventures entitling them to long profits. Of course

they are only investors in real estate, which is good if it yields three or four per cent.

The increase in New York's housing capacity has created a competitive situation as yet unapproached anywhere else in the country. Four or five years ago any house that did not hold a hit had four or five prospective customers hovering about the suburbs waiting to rush in the minute the current occupant died. In those days the fact that the Actors' Theatre opened one of its outstanding successes "cold" (*i.e.* without an out-of-town trial) created something of a sensation. Today the least of the producer's difficulties is to find a house for his play in New York. This inevitably means a big increase in the number of bad productions and shoe-string producers.

ALL of which raises that phase of the business I shall explore, to a degree of immediate importance not yet reached in the rest of the country. The provinces do, and may further, profit by New York's failures and errors and my masterly elucidation thereof. For the "road," "stock," even the "little" theatre — all of which flourish more lustily than they did a decade ago — enjoy a peculiar immunity (although they have their own troubles and sorrows) by reason of the proving ground, the field of trial and error, that is New York. Few New York failures are sold for stock, and still fewer stock managers run the risk of leasing those that are. The only failures that get on the road are those that have a few dollars of the backers' money left when their New York landlords evict them. And you can

guess how many such there are. Once in a blue moon a failure is bought by one of those quaintly optimistic Californians for presentation on the Pacific coast. But in all these cases the number of money-makers is so few as to form a group of rule proving exceptions. No. New York may blow up, or collide with a comet, or get run over by a taxi. But until she does we must suppress our prejudices, if any, and accept her as the one fixed star of first magnitude in the galaxy of the American theatre.

MEANTIME, what is going on in New York may well happen anywhere in the country where two or three legitimate houses are gathered together. And what, you ask impatiently — if you have struggled this far — may that be? Well, the trouble with our theatre, particularly in New York, is nothing more nor less than bad business management.

I can see no fundamental difference between the theatrical business and my own. Both employ capital, tied up in plant and equipment, laid out on material and labor. Both turn out a product bought by the consumer in very small units and in quantities ranging from one up to at most a dozen pieces at a time. As compared to the cosmetician the theatrical producer enjoys these inestimable advantages: his selling method is at once simpler, cheaper and more direct; and he issues no credit but gets cash in advance for his rights of admission, which are the product he manufactures and sells. Yet I venture to say that if there is such a thing as a producer who considers himself in any sense an industrial

producer, then that one thinks of plays as his products. They are only indirectly so. The producer can no more hunt out a single spectator and say, "Here! Give me fifteen, twenty, fifty thousand dollars and you may have my play," than I can discover a woman who would listen if I said, "Buy so many tons of face powder, my total output for a day, a week, a season." It is not "plays" or "face powder" that we sell. We make those things. But it is individual sights of plays and individual boxes of powder that we sell. So, granting this analogy between the theatre and any other manufacturing enterprise, let us consider managerial procedure in the theatre and compare it with sound industrial practice.

HERE is a man who calls himself a producer. His case is typical. As a point of departure, he selects a play. Most producers — particularly the shoe-string variety — permit a certain amount of rainbow chasing in the exercise of their faculty of choice, allow themselves to be influenced more by the very much off-chance of a sensational success than by the prospect of moderate, solid but unexciting returns. Having found his play, the producer's first official act is to bind himself by contract to pay the author an extortionately high royalty out of the gross receipts. The author's share figured on a sliding scale will average on all but outstanding successes between seven and eight per cent of the total business. This may not appear excessive. I don't say it is — from the author's standpoint. But wait and see!

The producer's next business is to dig up the necessary money to cover

his pre-production costs. He may find it all himself, or in part himself; or he may get it all from outside sources. Other things being equal, this does not attract a good class of investors, but rather those who for a variety of reasons are willing to gamble a relatively small sum at almost hopeless odds on the prospect of a big, quick return. The producer forms a limited partnership with his backers, usually agreeing to divide the net profits — after the original capital has been paid back — on about a fifty-fifty basis. Again, if the producer has no money stake in the enterprise, or a very small one, there is every encouragement — especially if those furnishing the money are ignorant of the trade — to indulge not only in production extravagance but in an infinite variety of those sharp, if not downright dishonest, practices which have made show business a hissing and a by-word.

IF HE is affluent the producer has a director (a sort of chief-chemist or production manager in the theatre) already on his payroll. If not, he selects one and puts him there for the duration of the job; that is, generally, from the minute the hiring is finished until, say, two weeks after the première. These twain, then, with the help of the author and millions of cubic feet of free air, engage the actors; contract to have the scenery designed and built; equip the play with costumes and properties; rehearse and direct the actors — in short, build and supervise the building of the primary product. The actors are not paid during this preliminary period; they work for from two to eight weeks for nothing

but the ill-advised hope of getting a job. In all other respects their interests are well protected by their powerful union.

AS PRODUCTION goes forward the producer concerns himself with the search for a theatre in which to house his finished goods. Some, but by no means all producers own one or more theatres. Inevitably the shoe-string operators, the heaviest contributors to the misfortunes of show business, do not. They and those who require additional space in which to house an excess of productions pay through the nose despite the large proportion of vacant houses. A representative arrangement with the theatre would be one that gave the house fifty per cent of the gross business with a minimum guarantee of \$5,000 per week in a house of, say, \$14,000 per week capacity. If the show will not pull \$10,000 a week — out it goes. For this consideration the house is furnished complete with lights, ushers, tickets, stage crew, etc. (Stage hands by the way, thanks to their union, are the only really prosperous people in the theatre today.) Just as there are innumerable ways in which a tricky producer can wangle small graft out of his producing partnership, so there are infinite ways in which the theatre can bite into the producer's share, once the contract is signed, thus presenting additional reasons why capital looking for sound investment stays out of show business.

Having made his theatre contract, fixed his opening date and prepared his play, the producer seeks a try-out away from the metropolis, to round the show into shape and give the

scouts a chance to see it and decide if their ticket agencies will invest in its tickets.

Here let me digress to say that while the marketing of tickets is a vexed and serious problem I do not regard it — any more than “traffic congestion” or the talkies — as either of prime importance or an unmixed evil. These are merchandising problems, and it is a known fact that an otherwise sound business, producing an article of genuine merit, can and will survive the world’s worst merchandising. In one respect the agency is a positive boon to the producer. I, for one — and there must be thousands like me — would never go to the theatre at all if faced with the prospect of shopping from door to door, in the present state of traffic.

SO THE producer brings his show into New York. Usually by the time Broadway is reached the bank balance is exhausted; the show must make or break from the very first night. Nine times out of ten it is foredoomed to immediate failure. The tenth time it languishes a few weeks, closes, and is sold for by-product: movie, talkie, touring, stock, musical and “coast production” rights, when, and if, there are any buyers. Only a big hit adds foreign royalties to this list — and there is not one big hit in a thousand tries. The sum of the by-product sales varies in proportion to the producer’s selling ability and the money-pulling value of the show as indicated by its Broadway run. At present the by-product is an important part of the total revenues in show business. The returns from genuine hits will no doubt continue to wax fat and fatter.

But there is so much “skullduggery” practised in the way of propping up a failure to make it look alive — clever sales talk plus a stern effort to keep running on Broadway long after the play has failed — that for all but the genuine hits the by-product is bound to diminish. In the long run, unless producers rouse themselves to the practical value of honest dealing even with movie magnates, it will come near to vanishing altogether.

OUR producer is now back where he began, ready to repeat the process. While he is damning show business let us consider critically what he has done.

He is all wrong. Judged by the standards of the most hit-and-miss industry in the world, outside his own, he would not be held to have even an unreasonable chance of success. Reduce the formless chaos of his case to concrete dollars. Suppose he housed his production in a theatre with \$14,000 per week capacity on a fifty-fifty basis; that his operating cost is \$4,000 a week, and that his show lasted ten weeks — not a bad run. His share of the gross — at capacity — would be \$70,000. Royalties to the author would be \$11,000; operating cost, \$40,000; net, to be divided between the producer and his money backers, \$19,000. This is probably less than the original production cost. And it will be noted that no account has been taken of the possibility of playing to less than capacity. Actually in such a hypothetical instance as this, it would be improbable that the ten weeks would gross over \$100,000. The author’s royalties would be slightly smaller, but operating cost

would remain constant. The difference in the net is profound.

Once upon a time, someone in show business must have heard that it is a good thing to distribute your risk. Play producers have reduced this sound business principle to an absurdity. In the first place, they have distributed their risk all in the wrong direction, and have ignored the saving idea of "style variety," by which any sensible manufacturer protects himself against the perversity and absurdity of popular taste. Further, they seem to have no realization of the fact that any contingent basis of business must be reasonably mutual in its operation.

CONSIDER our hypothetical instance. The producer contracts to pay half the total income of the run as rent, regardless of whether he thereby has anything left for necessary maintenance or operating costs, much less profits. The houses continue to demand and get contracts of this sort, taking no risk for themselves except the probability that the show will die in their establishment and be kicked out to make room for another prospective casualty. No attempt has been made to weaken this autocracy nor to break the boom scale of rentals that has prevailed since the war, though everyone outside show business knows that five per cent is an excellent net return on real estate, in or out of New York. The simple truth is that the house owners, like everyone else in show business, are blinded by the hope of the occasional hit. They are willing to strangle the golden goose slowly to death, because occasionally she lays a nugget in their bank accounts.

They fail to see that a better break for the producer ultimately means sounder and safer profits for themselves. The sooner they abandon hope of getting rich quick through a turn of the wheel and settle down to serious, if slower, money making, the better for show business.

HAVING signed away one-half his birthright for rent, the producer's next public-spirited act is to assume the entire burden for the author's royalties. Just why the house should not participate in this obligation is one of those questions that no one outside of show business could answer and no one on the inside has ever thought of asking. The accepted practice means that the average eight per cent of the gross which the author gets is really sixteen per cent of the producer's gross income on the play, which is why I have called the author's share extortionately high. As a consequence the royalties are too heavy a burden for any but an outstanding success to carry.

As if this were not enough of nonsensical optimism, the producer — especially if he is using other people's money — will cheerfully undertake to spend as much as seventy per cent of his best possible gross to put on the show. This is true of a large number of productions offered on Broadway; their production and operative costs are enormous and can only possibly be justified by a sure-fire hit, which is something nobody has the least right to count on in advance. Such a policy might be all right in manufacturing and marketing iron or timber or sugar, but it won't do in a luxury line. The prospective demand is so entirely

speculative that it is suicidal to put all the eggs in one basket and particularly in such an appallingly expensive basket.

The producer's answer is that he can't help it. He says he can do no better because of the high wages that must be paid to actors, which constitute the greater part of theatrical operating costs. In reply it may be argued that any producer who would so organize his programme as to be able to hold out a reasonable possibility of a full year's work should be able to cut his salary list to half or less. There are plenty of four hundred dollar a week actors who would be glad to get one hundred a week for fifty-two weeks' sure work in the year, whereby the principal operating cost would be spread sensibly over a real business output and assigned to each production in proportion to its business chances of success.

THIS is what the producer understands by distributing his risk. By such distribution he reduces his margin of safety to at best about ten per cent, a margin that any business budget maker considers suicidally narrow, as indeed it proves to be. But that is not all. The last thing — or rather the first thing — that the producer does is to contract to pay one-half his net profit, supposing there is any, for the use of capital with which to float his venture. The original capital sum is actually seldom in excess of \$25,000. If the show miraculously turns out a success he may pay as much again or three times as much or five times or anything at all, for the use of the money. Certainly he will pay a rate

which would make even the Federal Reserve banks gasp for breath and pray for courage. Yet with sensible management of an adequate initial capital, a producer should be able to fill all subsequent requirements at his bank at regular business rates, just as does any other legitimate business. With sensible forethought in management he would not even have any such subsequent requirements; he would have cash in hand for all contingencies.

THE average producer, in conclusion, fails to make any accurate financial estimate of what he is up against; he divides his forces and resources recklessly; and he is soundly thrashed in detail. What many producers fail to realize is that at the best their chances of success are infinitely remote unless they enjoy a thorough and intimate grounding not only in the commercial but also in the technical side of the business. I can think of no industry that demands more, on the technical side, from its leaders than show business. It is beyond my comprehension how in these days any theatrical manager can hope to succeed without the help of a broad and diversified education, plus wide reading and wide acquaintance outside the theatre, plus sufficient native intelligence to assimilate all this mental raw material and equipment without losing touch with humanity and reality. In short and in conclusion I suspect show business is suffering as per usual from an oversupply of native stupidity and ignorance. If there is a better explanation of the trouble, certainly nobody has yet mentioned it.

A Dirge for Baseball

BY JACK KOFOED

How the National Game has begun to topple from its ancient pedestal, as the one-time fervid fans turn to new sports which they can play themselves

BASEBALL, for fifty years America's National Game, is slowly dying.

High Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis may wag his leonine head in denials, but the fact remains. Baseball, having reached the peak as a major attraction, is starting a journey down the sunset side of the hill.

The fault does not lie entirely within the game itself. America has become fed up with taking its exercise vicariously. Paying professional athletes to do the things one would like to do oneself brings no dividends in health; and Americans, lately realizing this, have started a vogue for games in which all can participate.

But, pronounced as this trend has become in recent years, it is not the chief cause of baseball's waning. To begin with, the owners are on the whole amazingly shortsighted. Any other big business — and baseball must be placed in that category since the major league franchises and property must represent a value of \$30,000,000 — builds for the future. Does baseball? What have the

magnates done toward insuring a following ten years from now? Nothing. As a matter of fact they have done as much as lies within their power to discourage potential baseball followers.

WHEN I was a youngster, baseball was my deepest and most ecstatic love. Cy Young, Hans Wagner and the flamingly youthful Cobb were heroes, not out of a book, but living, breathing idols that I could devour with my eyes whenever I wheedled a quarter out of my mother. A bleacher seat cost two bits in all big league parks. Because of this reasonable fee I and a million urchins like me were developed into fans. Love of any sport is not an overnight passion. It achieves its peak through the years. Today's fans were the boys of the bleachers twenty summers ago.

What is happening now?

General admission in the major leagues costs fifty or seventy-five cents. The average boy cannot get a sum like that very often, and when he does, it doesn't give him so good a view of the game. Thus, instead of seeing him at the ball park, you'll

find he is caddying at the country club or playing tennis on the municipal courts. His hunger for baseball is not nourished when it is most important to the pocketbooks of the magnates that it be fed lavishly.

Not only is the spectator interest dropping off; there is also a condition approaching bankruptcy in player material. Take the American League as a very definite example. Babe Ruth is the only vital spirit left in that circuit — where once there were a score of colorful personalities.

Interest in Detroit faded with the passing of Cobb. Cleveland staggered under the loss of the Grey Eagle, Speaker. Washington has no dynamic player to replace Walter Johnson, and Chicago — crippled by the expulsion of eight stars after the crooked World Series of 1919 — has been further demoralized by the going of Eddie Collins and Ray Schalk. With such remaining aces as Harry Heilmann, George Sisler and Ken Williams on the ragged edge of age, only the spindling legs of Ruth and rare youngsters like Lou Gehrig and Mickey Cochrane stand between the League and an absolute paucity of playing talent.

THIS condition grows more acute with the passing seasons. Our young men who dream of careers in professional athletics incline more toward the easier pathway of golf or the enormous purses of the prize-ring. Nowadays in the springtime you see boys playing in the vacant lots with mashies instead of bats.

This state of affairs is reflected accurately in New York scholastic circles, where interest in baseball has begun to falter. The high schools

have as many tennis and golf teams now as diamond representatives. This augurs ill for the future, and any major league scout, scouring the country for young players, will tell you that his task becomes increasingly difficult.

The payment of \$125,000 for an untried shortstop like Chalmers Cissel is not merely an indication that there is more money in the game than there used to be. It is proof beyond dispute that the bigger clubs are desperate in their search for talent. I see no reason to expect any change in this situation.

SIXTEEN years ago a boy of nineteen, Francis Ouimet, won the national open golf championship in a playoff with two famous British veterans. At that time the man in the street could not have named half a dozen golfers to save his life. Today Hagen, Jones and Farrell are given as much space on the sporting pages as Ruth, Hornsby and Vance. In those sixteen years golf has come up hand-over-hand to take the lead.

True, the impossibility of massing spectators in a stadium or grandstand, means that golf can never compete with baseball as a paying spectacle. The well-dressed, interested people who attend tournaments do not compare in numbers with those at the Polo Grounds. The difference, though, is simply this — and it is a difference that is cutting the ground out from under baseball's feet — the people who attend golf tournaments play their own game twenty times as much as they watch others. Furthermore, every year sees a large increase in their number, thanks in part to the

construction of public links for the benefit of those who cannot afford to belong to private clubs. No less than 225 of such courses, scattered over thirty-seven states, are now in operation, with greens fees that range from ten cents to a dollar. A majority have proved self-supporting, which makes the development of other municipal courses a certainty. During the past year approximately 10,500,000 rounds were played on public links. In addition there are, at the very lowest estimate, sixty semi-public courses, charging a three-dollar greens fee, but not requiring membership. Add a half million rounds to their account.

OF THE private clubs, one thousand are members of the United States Golf Association. There are probably half again that number which have no such affiliation. These clubs make no report of rounds played, such as is required of the municipal layouts; but it is a safe estimate that the total rounds of the private clubs total more than twenty-two million annually. Within a few years these figures will double and treble. There can be no possible doubt on that score.

And thus one game alone is whittling the foundation out from under baseball. Your fat, short-winded executive who once spent warm Saturday afternoons in a box at the Polo Grounds is now viciously slashing a niblick in the bunkers at Hysteria Hollow.

Should Judge Landis turn his legal mind to refutation of this argument, he could marshal an array of figures to prove that baseball still holds its high place. He might point

out, for instance, that while all other major league ball clubs lose money in no small amount during the spring training sessions, the Yankees will this year have shown a profit of \$50,000 on that phase of their work. He might add that while less than half a million people witnessed the first five World Series, three times that number have seen the last five, and the receipts have jumped from approximately four hundred thousand dollars to nearly six million dollars. He might add that vast concrete stadia have replaced ramshackle wooden ones; that Babe Ruth receives \$70,000 where Hans Wagner, as great in his day, was paid only \$10,000. But I would remain unimpressed.

It seems to me to be quite as much a matter of spirit as of dollars, when you come to analyze this situation. The population has increased, transportation has become much more rapid, general interest in sports has grown tremendously. This accounts for a normal increase in attendance, while the multiplying cost of admission takes care of the apparently staggering receipts.

DESPITE all that any defender of the one-time National Game can say, baseball has not grown as fast proportionately as other games. I don't dispute actual figures. The organized game, with its twenty-eight leagues, to say nothing of countless semiprofessional, amateur and college nines, must play, altogether, to sixty or seventy million people in a season. But let us disinter certain other statistics which show that its growth does not compare with the forward movement in other

sports — that, indeed, it has already passed its meridian.

In 1906, the World Series between the White Sox and the Cubs drew a total attendance of 99,845. The big pugilistic event of the year was a fight between Joe Gans and Battling Nelson, which attracted 8,500 customers. In that year the Yale football team played to approximately 100,000 enthusiasts. The six-day bicycle race in New York totalled 18,000 spectators.

So far as money went, the World Series receipts were \$106,550; the Nelson-Gans fight \$40,000; the Yale football team \$150,000 and the bike race \$35,000 — a very sharp and definite edge in baseball's favor.

LET us move on a matter of twenty years or so. The World Series of 1926 set an attendance record of 326,051 with receipts of \$1,207,864. The game had grown 330 per cent in attendance and 1130 per cent in financial value, if the figures can be accepted as a criterion, which seems reasonable. What have the other sports been doing? The Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago saw 145,000 spectators pay \$2,658,660 — an increase of 1750 per cent in attendance and 6645 per cent in cash over the Gans-Nelson period. Notre Dame succeeded Yale as the great football drawing-card, playing to 495,000 people, with receipts of \$1,400,000 in eight games, an increase of respectively 500 per cent and 1400 per cent. The bike races attracted 100,000 folk during the week, and took in \$250,000. This shows improvement of 550 per cent and 710 per cent.

So for golf, to say that there are between eight and ten million people

interested in golf in this country now, compared with a scant quarter of a million in 1906 would be no exaggeration.

Against growth like this we can hardly say that baseball has kept proper step. But these comparisons should be made with regard to spirit as well as cash. And the spirit of the baseball fans is flagging. There can be no question of that. When I was a lad in Philadelphia, we took the game with enormous seriousness. Hundreds of boys gathered outside the old ball park at Broad Street and Lehigh Avenue, particularly when the New York Giants came to town. John McGraw and his merry men were anathema to us. In those days the players dressed at their hotels, and rode to the scene of combat in busses. After a hot game the police often charged us when we hurled over-ripe tomatoes and rocks, along with bitter words, at the hated New Yorkers. Pop bottles were flung at umpires. Every afternoon was a fever of suspense until we learned the score.

IT isn't that way now with the fans. It isn't that way with the ball players, either. They lived and ate and slept baseball in the old days. Now, when you hear them "fanning" in hotel lobbies they are quite as likely to be talking about golf, Wall Street or the theatres as they are about their profession.

But I am asked why boxing will not suffer as much as baseball has from the increasing desire of the American public to play its own games. The answer is simple. Boxing bouts, save in rare instances, are held at night, and when the sun goes down folks

are more willing to rest and be entertained by others. The vogue of the two million dollar gate, brought in by Jack Dempsey, may end with his passing as a fighting man, but even second raters can draw as much as four hundred thousand dollars, as Sharkey and Stribling showed at Miami Beach.

THAT bout, incidentally, focussed the spotlight on an amazing number of people who now spend winter vacations in the South. The number is increasing with each year. These vacationists do little to bolster attendance at the training camps of the major league ball clubs. They are more concerned with golf, tennis, swimming and fishing. The urge to *do* grows stronger. They carry it North with them, thus breaking down still more the fashion of spending summer afternoons in ball parks.

Tennis, though it has not experienced quite the amazing growth of golf, has attracted a tremendous number of votaries. Public courts from Boston to St. Petersburg, Florida, are continually jammed — particularly so in Philadelphia, where the influence of Bill Tilden has been potent. If ten million people, as statisticians estimate, play golf more or less regularly, at least half that number indulge in tennis.

Twenty years ago a man wearing knickers and carrying a golf bag was an object of derision. Tennis was a sissy's game. Baseball was king; it was one of the few available ways to spend a warm afternoon. Nowadays, countless afternoon sports compete with baseball. Of course, American people will always like the game. It will continue to

play some part in the history of sport. But its day of domination is over, and golf is much more certainly the national game today.

The increasing interest of women in sport is another factor that must be considered. The fair sex has been notoriously obtuse to the charms and technique of the diamond. What proportion of females do you think make up the average baseball crowd? Less than one per cent. Since women must be considered more and more in sport, those contests in which they are interested will unquestionably grow most in the coming years. Baseball is not one of them.

IN other years the fans had always been complacent about the honesty of the game. Following the crooked World Series of 1919 the game lost something — and lost it forever. Baseball had been the only professional sport as clearly above suspicion as Cæsar's wife. Now, there's a wink. A thousand people have asked me whether or not the game is on the level. I am sure that it absolutely is, even though in every large group of humans there may be some dishonest men. The point is that the public has begun to doubt.

This helps to account for waning enthusiasm. Baseball has ceased to be a passion. The old fervor has died out. The ardent fans diminish and casual spectators take their places. Indeed, the great old game with all its lusty loyalties is gradually becoming little more than an idle spectacle — and the American people are finding so many games to play themselves that they have less time for the idle contemplation of other players.

The Low Road to Europe

BY FRANK SCHOONMAKER

Celebrating the refreshing adventure of travel along less familiar transatlantic routes and humbler byways of the continent

IT IS quite natural, I suppose, that a business such as travel, which concerns itself largely with the highways of the world, should have its ruts. But it is a little astonishing that travel, the very essence of which is romance, should be for the most part so far from romantic. Yet it need not be. There is a saying among steamship men which runs "once an independent tourist, always an independent tourist." A person who has once broken from the traditional highways never returns to the fold. Taste the strong wine of the wanderer, and you will never again be satisfied with the pale diluted stuff that the conventional summer tourist drinks.

The tourist sees Provence; but does he ever talk, I wonder, with the cowboys that herd wild cattle on the desolate salt plains of the Camargue? Mr. Baedeker's legions go to Spain; but how many of them ever visit that far-off little port (I shall not tell you its name — only that it lies within twenty miles of the French border and cannot be reached except by a winding mule-path over the hills), where the vegetable man,

dressed in a blue jacket and *espadrilles*, sells great golden oranges, measured out on home-made scales with round boulders for weights? Four hundred thousand Americans went to Europe during 1928 — scarcely one per cent of them, I should be willing to wager, ever found such hidden jewels as Dinkelsbühl in Germany, Veere in Holland, Furnes in Belgium, Albi, Uzerche, La Rochelle in France, or lordly Montefalco of the Umbrian Hills.

THE American traveller (and I am speaking now of the hundred thousands, not of the few) is essentially a tyro, a novice, an amateur. He is a child, content all summer long to play his game of follow-the-leader, wanting a European trip exactly like his friend's — just as little Johnny wants an electric train like little Willie's. He is haunted by a desire for something far-off and glamorous and strange; he wants the moon — but petulantly insists that it be served to him on a silver platter. Like some Don Juan of the tabloids, he proceeds to kill the real Europe "because he loves her so"; he goes

to romantic places and demands the prosaic comforts of his American home; he apparently expects in the Old World a curious mixture of ivy-hung castles and ice cream sodas, of ruined temples and tiled bathrooms. It is to be feared that the European, ever-obliging, will before long be able to give him what he wants: the moon, on a silver platter; glamour, from a rubberneck wagon.

DURING the past week I have read in the New York papers that the picturesque South American port of Cartagena is posting traffic policemen, "nattily dressed," on all its principal corners. (What of the little mules that used to plod so wearily over the dusty road to San Felipe?) I have read that the train service from Malaga to Seville is being "speeded up" and that a railway is under construction across Morocco. (I thought, a little sadly, of the pale transparent sunlight on the upland plains near Fez!) I have read that the head of one of this country's largest travel organizations has warned the *restaurateurs* of Europe that their food is not satisfactory to the American abroad. Shades of Brillat-Savarin and the Automat!

Assuredly these are trifles. They are, however, straws in the wind, slight indications of a great and growing tendency toward making travel "easy, comfortable, and safe." Every year the tourist's horizon widens a little: there are now daily busses to Aigues Mortes and The-Saint-Marys-of-the-Sea, big hotels are springing up all over Corsica, one by one the Italian Hill Towns are becoming tourist-conscious. This unpleasant process is fortunately a

slow one — until the American tourist, like the leopard, changes his spots, we who prefer our Europe unspoiled will continue to cry "the slower the better."

Sooner or later (one can be sure of this) the American traveller is going to come of age. Having exhausted the possibilities of the highways of Europe, he will turn to the byways; having tried the high road, he will try the low. When he does this, he is bound to discover what a good many of us have known for a long, long time — that the color and charm of the real Europe is an unspoiled, an unrecorded charm. It is to be found in villages and along dusty roads, in little taverns, and upon the cobbled streets of brown, ancient, unfrequented towns. I could mention a hundred experiences to illustrate my point. I shall mention two.

WHEN I got on the train at Cadiz, one April morning, there was an old priest sitting in the corner of the third class compartment. He was a jolly, red-faced man, with an infinite good humor about the twinkle of his eyes. As the train swung round the great blue bay of Cadiz, we fell into conversation, and before we reached the vine covered slopes of Jerez I perceived that the old father was a poet, an epicure, and a man of taste. He talked of Spain as a lover might talk of the charms of his darling, with all the extravagant color of the Spanish tongue.

I shall never forget, I am sure, the Spain that I saw in his words. He told me that the wine of Jerez is tawny gold, like the hair of the beautiful women of Castile; that the oranges of Granada are round globes

of fire, that the Sierra Nevada is like a diamond necklace, worthy to hang on the shoulders of the Mother of God. He told me that the Guadalquivir is like a brown serpent, as indeed it is, that there is no song more beautiful than the *Malagueña*, heard at dusk from the lips of the peasant girls of the Andalusian plain; he talked of towns in the Southern mountains where the women are Christian, but still wear the veil of the Moors. Finally, before he left me at Utrera, he asked me if I had ever spent Easter at Seville. I told him that I had not, but that, God willing, I should. He smiled and nodded, got to his feet, took down a little oil-cloth bag from the baggage rack, and turned.

"*Señor*," he said, "you must spend Easter at Seville. The women of Andalusia, God bless them — they have no equals in the world." He lifted his eyes to an imaginary *señorita* on the baggage rack and, with the quick gesture of a cavalier, threw her a kiss. "*Señor*, you are young. You must spend Easter at Seville." He smiled, and suddenly was gone. Behind him there lingered in the compartment the delicate aroma of Spain.

ANOTHER time I was wandering with a friend, and a burro who was more than a friend, across the desolate brown miles of the Northern Sahara. We had been entertained by sheiks and caïds in the oasis villages of that district called the Djerid. It was with reluctance that we at length forsook their hospitality, and struck off westward toward the Algerian frontier. We left the little town of Ferkhan^e one morning before

dawn, our canteens filled to the brim, knowing that seventy miles across the desert the oasis of Khanga Sidi Nadji awaited us. That was a never to be forgotten day. From morning until dusk we could see, far to the northward, the great blue summits of the Aurès chain; like the implacable warders of this strange and yet so beautiful wasteland, they seemed to follow us — fifty long miles through the pitiless sunshine of the Sahara.

FINALLY the sun went down like a red plummet, leaving in the sky an architrave of gold. It was then that, topping a little hill, we came quite unexpectedly upon the *douar* of a Bedouin family. Never have I known a hospitality so warm, so gracious, so generous as theirs. We camped within a stone's throw of their tents, and the old *pater familias* came out with his wives and his children to do us honor. He gave us a straw mat to sit upon, and a thick camel's hair rug to cover us at night. He brought us coffee and sheep's milk and *couscous*; he brought us aromatic tea, with peanuts in it. After we had eaten he lit a fire of weeds, and he and his sons sat around and smoked our cigarettes until the fire died down and the desert moon came up like a great silver sun. Then we lay down on the sand and slept as only those can sleep who have done fifty miles in a day over rough ground. At dawn we awoke and could see, scattered over the plain, the twinkle of far-off camp-fires, like reflections of the dying stars. Again our host brought us coffee; we gave him a package of cigarettes, and just as the burnished rim of the sun cut the horizon, we shook hands

with him and left — “*Emchi bes-selama*, go in peace.”

These, as I say, are merely two experiences out of hundreds that await one along every untravelled road in Europe. The memory of these two alone I would not exchange for all the Simplon Expresses and palace-hotels in the world — for it is through such things as these that the real Europe reveals herself to us.

IF IT can be said that the conventional transatlantic tourist misses completely the color and romance of the Old World, it can be said even more truthfully that he misses the flavor of the sea. To lounge on the decks of the latest palatial liner is indisputably a tempting luxury — but it is almost to forget the existence of the ocean. There are alternative routes to Europe which, at least once in a lifetime, the most experienced traveller may sample with delight.

Let him try the service of the cargo boats which alone preserve, in this mechanical and luxurious age, something of the briny atmosphere of old. The few passengers they carry do not lack comfort. I have seen freight boat cabins that would grace the Aquitania. But, besides comfort, the freight boat traveller, associating with the officers, living for ten days or a fortnight in close and friendly proximity to the sea, becomes in a sense part of it all, a temporary member of a mysterious brotherhood. The people who go down to the sea are the salt of the earth.

It was my good fortune some four years ago to cross on a freighter with a young captain whose heroism has since made his name famous in

American homes. I think it will be a long time before I forget the stories that he told me. I have poked round the Mediterranean on many a rusty little cargo boat, and the experiences that I have had in this fashion I count among the most interesting of my life.

To cross the Atlantic by freight boat is to enjoy an unspoiled introduction to the Europe that is not yet spoiled. A leisurely fortnight in which one can savor to the full the true taste of the sea — and then one lands, quietly and without fanfare. There are no tourist agents at the pier, no boat train to whisk one off rudely to Paris or London; the low road to Europe is an unpretentious road, with adventures all its own, akin to the explorer's.

FOR this reason, many a traveller accustomed to luxuries and able to afford them, will still find the freight lines worth investigating. Every month thirty-two vessels of these lines, carrying from four to eighty passengers each, leave the harbor of New York alone. They offer many attractions.

“Once an independent tourist, always an independent tourist!” The person who has once known the quiet comfort, the good fellowship, the pleasant leisure and freedom from convention of a freight boat crossing, is a freight boat traveller for life. Then go, *Messieurs* and *Mesdames* of the tourist world — take your high road to Europe. We, the initiated, will take the low road. And we, in the words of the old song, will be, perhaps not in Scotland, but in the real Europe, before you.

Doctors of Dullness

BY H. W. WHICKER

*Professional big-wigs to whom—and alas! to whose pupil-
victims—the noblest literature consists of nothing
but words, words, words, to which the football
field is a spiritual relief*

SOME divine unrest in the human heart drives our youth to college year after year. They don't know what they are ultimately going to do in life—that is impossible; it is enough that they have an honest urge to find a higher level.

A quarter, a semester, a year, passes. They have had their first dash up the slope. Their shins are bruised, their fire is gone; a last feeble spark of educational interest must then be fanned by social life, athletics, and a noisy round of activities.

At this turn of the road critics look upon the spectacle and wonder. Here is a lad washing dishes in a boarding club, doing a night shift in a mill, or any one of a hundred onerous jobs, to put himself through college—to get an education. Why, after a few months in this atmosphere of college life, is he more faithful to the grind of football practice than a composition course in the language he speaks? Why will a college woman show more enthusiasm over a round of sorority teas than a series of lectures in Sixteenth Century literature written into her programme by the dean's secretary's secretary?

These sorority teas are delightfully in pace with modern life; so is football; so are many other activities far removed from the academic halls. But the academic, barring its surface splashings, hasn't changed its methods or its courses in 700 years. It plods along in the dust of generations which have long since gone over the horizon line. Its face is turned to earth, fearful of present sunlight; its thoughts are not of future life, as were the ancient monk's, but of the dead, dead past.

YOUR son's football coach is an imposing physical man, and a practical master of the subject he teaches; your son's English dean is a little man with a big degree. He has set himself up as an authority on some ancient field of learning; he is to Wordsworth, or Milton, or Shakespeare, as the Pope to God. He does not practise his subject, he never will; when he takes his pen in hand, he carries his chaff to the Modern Language Association, and the so-called learned journals. He is thoroughly acclimated to the life of the Middle Ages, thoroughly steeped in its traditions and conventions, but

woefully confused at a modern street intersection, and entirely lost when a Twentieth Century rain makes it necessary for him to seek shelter. At best he is but a plodding stage hand kicking up dust behind the scenes and imagining for himself the crowd's applause of Hamlet. He is a scholar, and as such an interesting study; but he can mean little to healthy young men and women arrived at the mating stage in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine.

ATHLETIC games are after all a combination of art and craft in the final analysis; so are such academic subjects as English, journalism, music, painting, and many other subjects generally considered the foundation of education in its true sense. But where the athletic coach is hired for his practical knowledge, the academic professor is considered only for his degrees; personality, experience, manhood, health — all are waived for the Doctorate. As a consequence, the student is compelled for credit to listen to the spiritless, colorless talk of professors of journalism who could not live through a week before a newspaper desk, professors of painting who cannot paint, professors of music who have never composed the simplest melody, and professors of English who cannot write, who are not interested in writing, and who have never had enough contact with life to know even the modern idioms and figures of their trade.

And our college youth are not long in discovering that a wordy, meaningless abstraction is the substance of every lecture, and the content of any course from the arts to the sciences. In no subject is this more true than in

English, which has had a Siamese Twin birth of composition and literature in every college curriculum. "All literature," says Stevenson, "from Job and Omar Khayyam to Thomas Carlyle or Walt Whitman, is but an attempt to look upon the human state with such largeness of view as shall enable us to rise from the consideration of living to the Definition of Life." Stevenson's definition, however, was made long after he had outgrown his academic clothes; and the literature to which he refers is unfortunately not the literature of college English.

STEVENSON, alive today, could no more identify literature in the English of a typical graduate seminar than Sir Danvers Carewe could recognize Dr. Jekyll in the dwarfed personage of Edward Hyde. The study of that which deals with the Definition of Life is so mired in the bog of scholasticism that to know Chaucer the student reads not *Troilus and Criseyde*, or *The Canterbury Tales*, but the thinly drawn abstractions of Professor Tweezer and the recognized authorities; to know Shakespeare he browses not in the fields of *Hamlet*, or *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but he goes to the stanchion where he listlessly devours the critical chaff of Professor Tweezer and the recognized authorities; and so with Milton, so with Wordsworth, and every great literary artist and craftsman down to Stevenson and Hardy.

The useful little insect that gathers pollen from the flower is no longer a bee under the microscope; he is a monstrosity to set children screaming; and to bring him beneath the glass it is necessary to murder him. Carry the figure into English scholarship, and

out on one of the more remote hairs near the tip of a leg, now magnified 500 times, Professor Tweezer is uttering vain knowledge over the Bard of Avon's signature, and his belly is filled with the east wind; the recognized authorities are lost somewhere in the anatomical jungle, wrestling mightily over the weighty question of whether the youthful Chaucer was fined for fighting in the Inns of Court.

AS THE microscope is a mighty superstructure over the organism it investigates, so is scholarship out of all proportion to that which it studies. Volumes without number have been written upon a few pages of Shakespeare, Milton, or Johnson, to the burying of these pearls beneath a pedantic chaff which wholly obscures their true light. No one is concerned with Chaucer's philosophical purpose in *Truth*; no one may speculate on why Troilus, having arrived in heaven, looked back at the little world below and laughed; it matters not that Antonio's body was saved by Portia's wit while Shylock's soul fell a victim of circumstances; but no one may boast of even the rudiments of scholarship before he has weighed and balanced every metrical beat and every rhymed ending which could possibly prove a source for the style in which these things are written. Indeed, he must have turned them over a hundred times or more with the eye-tweezers of scepticism, chased a host of obscure phrases from *Beowulf* through the centuries to *Macbeth*, and wrought a conclusion of *ifs* and *shoulds* and *woulds* — a mere be-draggled feather floating on thin air, but falling, nevertheless, like a bomb in the halls of scholarship — before

recognition is his. And to do this even ineffectually, the budding scholar must spend half the years leading to his intellectual prime in the mastery of Old French, Old Icelandic, Old Latin, and Old English, not to mention the living Romance languages; but in reality, he has no time in which to master the English of his own day. Years of such study: then if there is enough of his intellectual self left to determine the difference between a strong and weak verb, he is branded a Doctor and given a position teaching young men and women doomed to the Twentieth Century by some whim of the gods.

As an outgrowth of such a system, the tables of our university seminars are surrounded by monkish groups mulling lifelessly over stacks of hastily scribbled library cards and chanting, "Professor Tweezer and the recognized authorities say". Pathetic little figures they are, wearing the funereal black of these bigger and worse sinners like so many artful dodgers. It is deadening at best: here and there one simulates conviction, and a few flourishes of notes are scrawled down to perfect the deception. No human being can long endure a discussion made up of "he says", or "they say", unless the subject is sex; ten minutes of such talk, and the liveliest symposium is an asinarium.

THESE deepest scholars, these weightiest authorities, it should be noted, themselves have perched like vultures upon the living organism to rend and tear at the surface without considering that a heart is beating within; and the more they glut themselves, the more the lesser buzzards around the tables beat their

wings and cry applause. Yet for all their method, for all their skepticism, and for all their exactitude in weighing and balancing evidence, these ruthless pedants charge at the windmills and read themselves into the lines like the veriest amateurs. "The Wife of Bath," says one critic, "was a woman striving for ideals, and sad because she could not realize them." This good lady, as a matter of fact, was a superior huntress possessing enough charm still to be dangerous in the chase. Her sixth husband had either escaped or died, and she was casting about with good prospects of a quarry. In the meantime she was delighting herself by a brazen discussion of the most forbidden things in sex, and to the confusion of the churchmen on the Canterbury pilgrimage. No woman can concern herself with ideals, or be sad, under such highly favorable circumstances. The inexperienced reader may draw any rough conclusion, hold any impossible opinion on anything from Homer to Sinclair Lewis, and he will find an ivy-grown scholarship at his back. There is less agreement among these critics than among the followers of Duns Scotus; nor is consideration allowed the fact that the test of any artist in any art is his ability to make himself understood; if all the criticism of scholarship is needed to clarify Shakespeare, then Shakespeare is not an artist; if he is an artist, then most scholarship is purposeless.

As a consequence, Literature, which more than any other combination of art and craft embraces and woos the beautiful, sits in dejection among her ashes. When a robust soul enters the field of architecture, it is

with the hope of creating something; when a manly man turns to the noble art and craft of engineering, if he has the engineer's true poetic spirit, his goal is ultimately to perfect an engine, build a better bridge, syphon the clear cold water of some hidden lake over a mountain ridge to the parched throats of a lowland city, or wing his way to the stars. Creation is the life and spirit of all art and craft; nor will the worker under her urge be patient with the talker and the unpractised theorist — his deepest instincts drive him to constructing, not to idle exposition of how another worker has long since built. Even the untutored mob sneers at the weakling demonstrating the various blows and shifts of a champion pugilist.

YET scholarship, which toils not nor spins, and is an arch enemy of the loom, has propounded the most elaborate theories disclosing exactly how the weavers of literature have toiled with a warp and woof of life. Lancelot's squire has persuaded himself that he is Lancelot, and is making a display before posterity. For what Stevenson calls Literature, the world can no longer depend upon its school men, but it turns to those who have never entered the seminar, or, if so, have speedily escaped. The student who enters this literary cloister must sacrifice his soul's mistress for the cloth; and if he still cherishes the creative impulse, he is a damaged soul for whom there is no reward of pedantry. Occasionally, when the creative impulse flickers for an instant in the smothered embers of a scholar's heart, the effect is ludicrous; he is as a bumpkin with a belle much courted in another world.

One of my professors, for example, confided to me that he was writing a book; and as he made this confession there was such a light in his eye as one might expect to see in that of a respectable deacon philandering with a forbidden mistress. When the book was subsequently published, I found that the little man was not in reality writing, but compiling, that secret vice of the scholar: he had culled something from Lamb, stolen from the storehouse of Swift, borrowed from Carlyle, ransacked Arnold, and pilaged Ruskin, to make a great pot of literary hash. His own original contribution to the volume was a most elaborate *errata!*

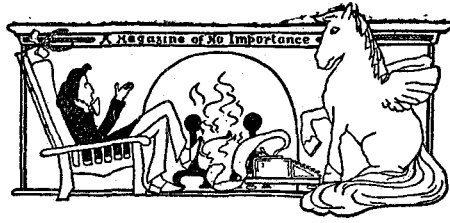
BUT fortunately, out in the byways of life, roses still bloom, and lilies are fresh in the dew of the meadow: living words come from the pen of the engineer, of the manual vulgarians, and from the lips of sons and daughters of Southern slaves. In the next half century, when the clouds of scholastic criticism lift from the horizon, if they ever do, it is not improbable that we shall discover a literature interpretive of our age. These hard-headed practical workers have accomplished wonders in other fields: the world is housed in better buildings; it drives better cars into bigger traffic jams; and it digs deeper ditches from ocean to ocean than fifty years before this present day. The Bible, and St.

Paul, it must be remembered, have somehow survived the churchmen. Surely what is beautiful in the written word has enough vitality to outlive the scholars.

At least let us hope so. For it is indeed certain that few teachers trained in this stagnant scholasticism now ruling academic life can have anything to offer healthy college men and women. The subject, in such hands, has no connection with the life they lead, cultural, social, athletic, or otherwise. Their interest in the language they speak, the most important single factor in true education, has fallen into a natural decline: English, composition or literature, is something to be avoided.

IT is a tribute to our present college people that they still view it tolerantly. College men and women speak notoriously bad English — there is more vividness in the speech of an Alabama negro, or a Puget Sound longshoreman — they write worse English, and they will continue to do so as long as scholasticism is permitted its present roost undisturbed.

The fruits of the academic tree are shrivelled and dry on the pit. Contrast them with the plums to be had from the athletic, social, or activity branches. No wonder a manly lad turns to football, and a womanly woman to sorority teas. Under present conditions their choice is wisdom itself.



Stuff and Nonsense

BY DONALD ROSE

*A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly
with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily
with Those of No Consequence Whatever*

JULY, 1929

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THE INTELLIGENCE OF PARENTS

WE HAVE been parents for only fourteen years, in two genders, and to the tune of ten children, so we don't profess to know a thing about it. My esteemed wife and I look at each other across the ten-cylinder problem which is our family, and blush furiously for each other's ignorance. To any one who offers us real aid and comfort in living up to our parental obligations we therefore turn a willing and attentive ear, even though we have known so many disappointments and so much disillusion. Sometimes we begin to think, indeed, that nobody knows anything about bringing up children. But that, of course, would be absurd, for maiden aunts and experts in Child Psychology must have some mysterious function in the scheme of creation, even though it is so hard to prove.

In our more pessimistic periods of parental frustration, we succumb rather readily to the blandishments of the publishers, who offer — at a price — the quintessence of current educational wisdom boiled down and out for the benefit of our fearsome family. If we could learn thereby to perform one small miracle, we should be content. To discover, for example, how to keep jam and butter and spilled milk from the seats of the dining room chairs would repay me in a single week the price of a year's subscription to some magazine for parents. To learn how to make a

small child go happily to bed by Daylight Saving when it wants to raise whoopee by Eastern Standard Time, would be worth anything it might cost. To know how to wash a boy's face with some degree of permanence would justify a life's subscription to any periodical that revealed the formula.

So we fall heavily and often for the sales literature that promises such wisdom. We are now getting several magazines which seek to train parents to train their children scientifically. So far they haven't done us any real harm nor have they much upset the children. But over and above the monthly visitation of these magazines, we received from one publisher a questionnaire or intelligence test for parents which has cost us no little concern, and left me, in particular, a moral and spiritual wreck.

This intelligence test is done in the best fashion of those curious inquiries whereby American universities are kept safe for Nordic supremacy. It contains a lot of deceitful questions, and when you have struggled painfully through them, a perfect stranger comes along and classifies you thereby. If you rate below ninety per cent you are probably a well-meaning but ignorant parent and should buy the publisher's magazine and read it religiously every morning before breakfast. If you rate above ninety per cent, you are probably cheating or just plain lucky.

The questions are laid out with disarming simplicity, and their form indicates that the authors thereof don't expect a whole lot from this alleged parental intelligence. Most of them can be answered in a monosyllable; some of them simply by placing an X where the accident occurred. They are just like those intelligence test questions which present some such problem as this: "Mr. Gann is (a) a temperance reformer, (b) a movie actor, (c) the Prince of Wales, (d) the husband of Mrs. Gann, (e) a presidential possibility. Answer yes or no." Anybody can answer yes or no, and in this fashion the experts can discover at a glance the specific gravity and par value of your personal intelligence.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the questions in the Parental Intelligence Test. There are thirty-three of them, and for each correct answer you score three, with an extra point for neatness, good grammar and no blots. This permits a total score of one hundred, though anyone scoring a century would be at once disqualified on the presumption that no one could have even one child without at least an irreducible minimum of latent ignorance. Of these questions I shall discuss just a few, taken at random from the cross examination.

The first is an easy one, but it has a snare in it. *An underweight child should have (a) More activity; (b) More sleep; (c) More stimulation.* We puzzled over this for quite a while, feeling a little discouraged at meeting our Waterloo on the very doorstep of the inquisition, until like a flash it dawned upon me that what an underweight child needs more than anything else is more weight. So we ignored (a) and (b) and (c) and inserted our answer.

Everything now goes smoothly until you reach question 9. *First permanent molars should be expected at the age of (a) Two years; (b) Four years; (c) Six years; (d) Eight years.*

The question is incomplete. Suppose, for example, that you decide to expect the permanent molars at the age of four years, and the whole family sits around expecting and expecting—and then nothing happens. What should you do about it? Or suppose that father expects the permanent molars at the age of two years, while mother expects them at the age of eight. Who is going to keep peace in the family? Suppose the child him-

self expects his permanents at the age of six. Are we to disappoint his little trustful mind and deny him such a simple pleasure, or outrage his sense of justice by insisting on molars on his eighth birthday or not at all? You can see for yourself that the question doesn't cover the subject.

Number 12. *The average 12-year-old boy may reasonably be expected to engage in physical work each day after school for about (a) One hour; (b) Three hours; (c) Five hours; (d) Not at all.*

The sensible answer is (d). But we felt pretty sure that the magazine's experts had something else in mind. So we concentrated as best we could and tried expecting one hour and three hours and five hours in turn, doing so as reasonably as we knew how. Nothing came of it. None of the alternatives fitted any one of our average 12-year-old boys. With the best intentions in the world, we could not decide that any one of the answers was less improbable than another.

So we put the problem to a laboratory test. For a week we kept watch and ward over the son's physical labors after school hours. On Monday afternoon the boy cut the grass, here and there, for two hours, and I finished it in three. On Tuesday he vanished into thin air at one-thirty and came home with his hair wet, exactly as though he had been swimming. On Wednesday he carried the tin cans and rubbish from the back of the house to the front, where the rubbish representative of the local government could collect them. This took him two hours, since he found an old alarm clock in the pile and endeavored to convert it into an airplane. On Thursday he worked seven hours on his circus. On Friday he dug a hole, intending to discover oil, and the milkman fell into it the next morning. On Saturday I took him firmly by the ear and led him to the garden, where it was resolved that he should dig a corn patch under my direct supervision. Unfortunately, we found a lot of worms, so we both went fishing.

Thus we don't know the answer to number twelve.

Number 18. *If a child scribbles on a wall (a) Punish him; (b) Take away his crayons; (c) Give him paper; (d) Do nothing because he may never do it again.*

This question doesn't fit our family. Nobody ever scribbles on the wall. As far as we can make out, the wall does its own

scribbling. There are all sorts of scribbles on it, but none of the ten children ever did it. They have told us so.

We must jump along to Number 24. *To establish a new habit and break down an old one the best procedure is (a) Remove all temptations to the old habit; (b) Make the old habit very unpleasant; (c) Make the new habit pleasant; (d) Combine "b" and "c".*

The saving clause in this problem is (d). You are allowed, you see, to arrange all sorts of combinations to cover any special condition. Sometimes, for example, we take (a) straight or with just a flavor of (c). Occasionally we cross-breed (a) with (b). In extremely difficult cases we take about three fingers of (c), fill up with (a), add a dash of (b) to give sparkle, and serve with ice cubes.

For our last question let us take number 25. *To make punishment helpful it must be (a) Painful; (b) Occasional; (c) Logical; (d) Light.*

The question as to whether our punishments are strictly intended to be helpful, we shall avoid. But we have studied our own technique and come to the conclusion that in our household punishments are painfully occasional and only lightly logical. So the answer is (a), (b), (c) and (d).

We have struggled through to the end and are now awaiting a rating of approximately forty-seven per cent. Our parental intelligence, we conclude, is even worse than we had suspected. We have highly resolved to quit inflicting it upon the children, and devote all our time for the next ten years to the study of magazines devoted to the training of parents, by which time the youngsters will have solved all our problems by growing up and leaving us. By and large, we haven't much enjoyed this scientific attempt to evaluate our parental intelligence, even though it is sponsored by Teachers College at Columbia University. But we suppose that we should at least appreciate the compliment.

A DRAMATIC CRITICISM

A young playwright observed, with some vanity,

"I shall never use slang or profanity

In my plays. So I guess

I am bound for success,"

Then they took him away, for insanity.

A. DORANT.

PARABLES OF THE NEW SOCIAL VALUES

I.

"Mother dear," said little Augustus, "may I go and play across the railroad tracks?"

His mother was deeply shocked and terrified, but with maternal wisdom she shut her fears away from her child. "I don't think you should, my darling," said she. "The people who live across the railroad tracks are not very nice people. You ought to be very happy with your nice playmates up here on the hill. Don't you like your playmates?"

"Oh, yes," said Augustus. "But it would be nice to go across the tracks. What's the matter with the little boys who live across the tracks?"

"Well, my dear," said his mother, "it's a little difficult to explain, but your daddy and I have tried to bring you up with the right instincts and in the right sort of company. The people who live on the other side of the tracks aren't our sort of people. They have different ideas and different ideals—if indeed they have any at all. I don't want to put sectarian ideas into your head too soon, but you ought to know, now that you are getting to be a little man, that you belong to a Book-of-the-Month family, and so do all your little friends. The people who live across the tracks are all Literary Guilders."

"I see," said Augustus carefully. "I won't play with them. But how about the family that moved into the apartment downstairs? They don't swear or anything? Are they Book-of-the-Month people, and can I play with them?"

"Perhaps you had better not," said his mother. "I'm not sure, but I think they must be Book Leaguers. You can make faces at them once in a while, but please don't play with them."

2.

"My son," said Peter Carrington Girdlestone to the fine young lad who stood before him, "I have felt for some time that I should have a talk with you about the serious facts of life. Now that your sixteenth birthday is approaching, you will need to be armed and prepared to meet temptation and even spurn it, for which knowledge is essential. You understand that I have your welfare at heart, so I shall speak frankly."

The boy sat down, his heart faint with the fears of youth. He knew, indeed, that there was no Santa Claus, but this was something more serious. Perhaps it related to the anxious doubts and shapeless stirrings that had lately so much disturbed him. He gathered his courage and faced his father attentively.

"My son," said Peter Girdlestone, "you will soon be going to college. Already you are in the Junior Class at high school. I know, from bitter experience, that in our schools and universities there are books — many books. You will be tempted to read them. You will be tempted by light and trashy books, by unworthy books, by books that pander to curiosity and uncultured passions. I want you to give me your word, here and now, that you will pledge yourself to remember how carefully we have guarded you, here in our happy home, against all such temptations. I want you to promise that you will follow the leadership we have chosen for you, with the wisdom of our greater experience and mature judgment, and beware of books that do not bear the Sign and Seal. Will you promise me and your mother to keep up your membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club, which we established in your name before you were born? Will you swear to be faithful?"

So the boy placed one hand on *Elmer Gantry* and the other on *Billy, the Kid*, and swore.

3.

There were Five High Priests of Culture who sat on gilt-edged thrones. Just how they got there the world knew not, and scarcely they themselves, save that it was skeptically suspected here and there that whole oceans of publicity will sometimes throw strange fish on the shore. But there they sat on their thrones, and expounded the law and the prophets, loving only sweetness and light and content with a modest sustenance from the freewill offerings of the faithful.

It befell that as they sat there, there were heard rumblings and catcalls. There was a crowd without, and occasionally a raucous voice cried "What is the law and where are the prophets?" And of the High Priests a little thin one cowered and ran to cover, while a big fat one swaggered and roared, and all five prayed secretly to the great god of Libels to deliver them. At last one with great

courage went to the window and harangued the crowd, and in no time at all the crowd was very deeply bored and went away.

Breathing heavily, the council resumed its meditations. One at last broke silence. "There is also," he said, "a rebellion among the lesser clergy. Some begin to doubt our doctrine, and the offerings and incense decrease. They also ask what is the law and where are the prophets. What should be done?"

The Highest Priest of all snorted in contempt. "It means nothing," he said. "The people are fat and prosperous, and no well-fed goose will follow a discontented duck for long. The rebellion will die down. It is nothing."

After a silence, a lesser priest whispered a question. "Could it be told," he asked timidly, "what *is* the law and where *are* the prophets?"

There was consternation, but the Highest Priest of all sternly silenced it. "Here it can be told," he said. "But it is a secret thing, and not even a book reviewer dare utter it lest the axe descend. The Law — the law is the law of supply and demand, and there is none greater. The Profits — the profits are in the Second National Bank, and in safe keeping. These are the secret mysteries, and all else is in our wisdom and authority. While the Law and Profits endure, so also shall we."

So the meeting adjourned.

OUR CENTRE OF GRAVITY

"For to err in opinion, though it be not the part of wise men, is at least human."

PLUTARCH

Optimism is the hall-mark of a disposition which regards the future without fear and the past without undue regret. It is a potent password to peace of mind and a formula for the defiance of fate. It is the small end of a telescope through which all things look promising.

30

No one is so abysmally sunk in gloom and adversity that he can find no compensations, unless he has lost hold forever on his sense of humor. There are those who believe that for a

man to be cheerful in the face of calamity is in some way the sign of a depraved disposition, but on the whole the world loves the cheerful heart and habit. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune are no more menacing than modern artillery, in that most of them miss their targets, for which reason we need not spend all our time in dug-outs of depression.

☞

Adversity may be considered at choice an invitation to take a new course or to persevere courageously in an old one. It sometimes appears that we are kicked in the neck with unnecessary severity, but it may well be that this is the only sort of hint that we are willing to take. It is noteworthy that a man will credit misfortune to the operations of unkind Providence, but his prosperity he is willing to blame on himself.

☞

The company of friends in adversity is by all means desirable, but their advice is as a rule no great bargain. Adversity's worst offense is that it brings the necessity for dangerous decisions, in which others are no wiser than ourselves as to which way the cat will jump. There will be plenty of uplifting remarks available as to the beneficial effects of pain, labor and deprivation, but it will be found that these chiefly originate from people in very comfortable circumstances. And it is always easier to give sympathy than groceries.

☞

The uses of adversity are said to be sweet, but the abuse of it is more satisfying. Yet it brings its own advantages, chief of which is that rare pleasures are sweeter than those grown cheap and common. To get, for example, the maximum enjoyment out of good meals it is better not to eat too many of them, and the sharp appetite of poverty may stir the envy of those too well-fed. The difference between a casual incident and a monumental event will often be no more than a matter of income, and the rich man's daily boredom will serve for the poor man's occasional feast.

☞

If there be rhyme or reason to the disposition of this world's goods, neither scientist nor philosopher has yet been able to discover it. The poor man thinks, of course, that if he were rich he would be perfectly happy.

Yet it is common knowledge that no rich man is perfectly happy. All men aspire to happiness but differ in the place where they expect to find it. He who has the wit to place happiness somewhere within his reach is most likely to attain to it.

It is the easiest thing in the world for the poor man to tell the rich man how he should spend his money. For the rich man to tell the poor man is unnecessary, since the poor man needs rather to know how not to spend it.

☞

It is a favorite fable that men must be tried and tempered by the fires of adversity. This might be true if men were made of pig-iron, but since they are fashioned of frail flesh and spirit, adversity will make some and break others. There are obviously many who can survive adversity better than prosperity, for which reason, perhaps, so few are tried by the harder temptation.

☞

The honest man who is down on his luck weeps more bitterly for his creditors than himself. From him who has nothing, nothing can be taken away, since he is reduced to the least common denominator of humanity, by which all men are made equal. He who has possessions must lock his doors at night; he who has nothing can practise the complete gesture of hospitality. The man of property must practise the habit of suspicion; the hermit, the hobo and the beggar can afford to treat all men as above suspicion.

☞

Chaucer pointed out that "of fortunes sharpe adversite" the worst is to remember good times when they are gone. He who has not yet arrived at success, has at least no reason to dread losing it. In the meantime he may work for it, with ambition at his elbow and hope for his star. Since nobody can tell what tomorrow will be worth, we may well make the best of today, which is the only day that is well within our reach and all others are dead or doubtful.

☞

This is a sort of philosophy that butters no parsnips. But on the other hand, it is demonstrable that nobody was ever hung for optimism.

BULLETIN BOARD of the S. & N. Heterogenius Club

Editorial Note: The Heterogenius Club is a new organization which we are now organizing as chief organizers. It is unique in that it has no officers, dues, meetings or purposes. Membership is conferred solely by the publication on the monthly Bulletin Board of one or more masterpieces acceptable to the high standards—moral and otherwise—of the Club. These may be in prose or verse and on any conceivable subject, provided it is quite unimportant.

There are no dues for membership in the Heterogenius Club. By the same token no financial inducements are offered to prospective members.

New Game Laws Needed

By GAY JORDAN

Husbands ought to be protected. No shooting allowed. We'll suppose that two hunters chase out a ring-neck pheasant. They both shoot, but one shoots a little ahead of the other. Always the one that shot first gets him.

I bag Horace out in the open before everybody. I shoot him first. I take him home and put his nose to the grindstone, wear down his egotism by half, endowing him with all the beautiful qualities of self-sacrifice, humility. . . . I carefully sort out a balanced ration of vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates, and feed them to him until his streamline is just so.

Then along comes one of these little blonds. She has just enough intelligence to see that the nicest men are those some woman has worked on. At this late date, she prepares to take my ring-neck away from me!

Is that fair? Is it sporting?

There ought to be a law! I have her number, her license number, and I should call up the Game Commissioner and tell him the bare facts; he should arrest her for trespassing, for shooting within one hundred fifty yards of a building, for wearing her heart on her sleeve instead of vice-versa, and for hunting in season and out. And he should lead her off to the alderman's office! The alderman should fine her heavily, and turn the money over to me! When I'm elected to the legislature, I'm going to see about it.

Our Bedtime Story

(Continued from the April issue)

It looks as though we have entirely lost track of Algernon, the little hot dog who put ideas into Mr. Henry Ford's head and thereby almost upset the Beef Trust and sent Upton Sinclair off in another spell. But as it happened, Mr. Ford got an idea for a book at almost the same moment, and one idea at a time is enough when you are an important person. So he laid Algernon down, and the man from the lunch counter picked him up and put him back into circulation.

The reason that Maud and Milton were riding in Milton's roadster that day was that they had discovered at last that there is really no place in New York to sit down. It is all very well to be terribly in love and all that sort of thing, but there's no nourishment in it unless you can sit down to it. In another and less progressive period they might have sat on the parlor sofa, but the last parlor and almost the last sofa disappeared from New York during the Wilson administration, at which time both Maud and Milton had other things to think about. And now that they were in love, inevitably and forever, they needed a place to sit down. There was, of course, Central Park and its benches. But there is no real privacy in Central Park, as even the monkeys in the Park zoo will tell you. There were also the Fifth Avenue busses, but their upper decks were invariably crowded on spring evenings with couples in the clinch of unworthy emotions, and their love was different, as Milton often pointed out. They had done their best with the movies, but now the movies talked too much and out of turn, so that—as Maud pointed out—one might as well sit at home in the kitchen in the company of the cook and the iceman. They had even walked the streets together, taking refuge occasionally in apartment house hallways, until one evening Milton leaned too heavily against all the bell buttons at once and practically brought down the house. So at last he gave up his correspondence school course in journalism and bought a second-hand coupé, and they drove out of the city to look for a buttercup.

Milton's purchase of Algernon was little more than a gesture since he was not really hungry, which made it nice for Algernon.

But he lathered the hot doggie with mustard while Maud hunted for the innards of a chocolate éclair, and talked — as young men in love will — of his most innermost ambitions.

"I'm writing a novel," he said.

"Ain't that nice," said Maud, wondering whether she ought to eat the hide as well as the stuffing.

"It's my first novel," explained Milton. "When I get it published we can get married."

"When will it be published?" asked Maud, sitting up and taking notice.

"Sometime next fall," said Milton. "You see, it isn't written yet. You have to write it before anybody will publish it." He hadn't taken the first three lessons in journalism for nothing.

"What's it about?" asked Maud, wishing she had ordered an ice cream sundae.

Milton blushed slightly. "It's about love," he said. "It's got a lot of new ideas in it. The hero is an aviator, and because he loves his airplane so much he doesn't realize until the fifteenth chapter — which is too late — that the little girl who sells the tickets is in love with him, and would give up everything, including a chance to go to Atlantic City as Miss Brooklyn, if he would marry her. But she doesn't know, of course, that he's married already, only his wife left him years ago to go to Hollywood, and she's starving out there because she stutters, and at last the aviator finds her while he's out there doing stunts for a war movie, only it's too late because she has just decided to end it all by taking chloride of lime or something. Not that he really cares, you see, for he's really in love with the ticket girl but don't know it, but he thinks he can never marry again with his wife dead and everything. Afterward it turns out she didn't die anyway but went away with a press agent — the same one who enticed her out to Hollywood but has gone broke and repented — so he divorces her and comes back to Mamie — that's the ticket girl — and she has married an assistant mechanic because she wants to have a home and babies and everything. So he says good-bye to her, which makes a good chapter with him sacrificing his own happiness for the sake of a mechanic, and hooks a plane and flies off to Mexico and is practically killed by the rebels through getting mixed up as to which side he was supposed to be fighting for. But

he gets back to the good old U. S. A. and opens a tobacco shop in El Paso and sits there all the time — he's a cripple, you see — and thinks of Mamie. And Mamie has her troubles too, her mechanic going bad on her and leaving her with her baby while he runs off to Singapore or somewhere and goes native. And it ends with Mamie sitting alone rocking the cradle with one foot and wiping away the tears with the other while she thinks of her hero, not knowing he's doing the same in Texas. It's tragic, you see, like Shakespeare."

"It's lovely," said Maud. "Tell me some more."

He told her a lot more until he saw she wasn't listening. He told her she wasn't. She said she was. He told her a lot more, until he saw she was looking at the big car across the road, so he stopped. She turned suddenly to him with one of those smiles that women use in emergencies — a yard wide and a sixteenth of an inch deep — and for a terrible moment he wanted to hit her.

"Do go on," she said.

"That's all," he said. "And I don't think I'll write it."

"Why, Milton," she said, "I thought you said you were writing it."

"I am," he said, "beginning this week-end. But I've changed my mind. I'll write a play." He picked up Algernon and threw him at a sparrow. "Come on," he said. "Let's go home."

He was silent as he drove desperately homeward. At last she spoke. "What's the matter, Milton?" she asked, unable to bear the suspense any longer.

"Nothing," he said grimly. "Just that the old boiler's full of carbon. Reckon I'll sell her and take a course in playwriting."

There was nothing more to say. All was over. She knew it. He knew it. Everybody knew it.

(To be continued)

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The Difficulty of Not Drinking

There are numerous and excellent reasons for refraining from even a casual opinion concerning prohibition. This is not to say that I have no such opinions. I am, to be sure, like the rest of society, shot through and

through with opinions about prohibition, most of them of infinitesimal importance and all of them frightfully shopworn by being overlong bandied and bruited abroad. But there is a powerful inducement to silence in the hideous clamor that just now besets the subject, and it seems likely that he who keeps his mouth shut concerning it will thereby acquire a reputation for profundity and special knowledge.

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So I have nothing to say concerning prohibition, for to write kindly concerning it would be unfashionable and to write unkindly concerning it would be brutal. The poor thing looks like a stale cabbage on a withered stalk anyway, and I will strike no blow at a bowed and broken head. Certainly I shall not swat it while the swatting is so well in hand elsewhere. But a serious and personal problem has arisen, which is the difficulty of not drinking.

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I have never been a passionate devotee of the brimming bowl. In the quaint, queer days before the big drought, I could pass a pair of swinging doors without turning aside to drown my sorrows and pay envelope in beer. I could and did, of course, manage an occasional snifter, with or without soda, but was not thereby customarily compelled to stagger home and beat the bosom of the family into maudlin misery. Even after a wedding feast or on the Fourth of July, I did not beat my wife. Nobody beats my wife unless after drinking nitro-glycerine, and even then he doesn't really enjoy it.

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Nor have I any profound passion for the modern variations on the Dionysian theme. For instance, I find no joy in gin. As has been said elsewhere, I hate the stuff and I'm glad I hate it, for if I didn't hate it I'd drink it, and I hate it. I don't care for young beer, and I don't like wine that has not made up its mind just where it is going. I like rare vintages, ripe ale, and spirits and liqueurs of delicacy and refinement. But I don't like the grab-bag, wild-cat method of getting them, and there doesn't seem to be any other.

But the real difficulty is that of not drinking. In days gone by, nobody expected me to drink unless I was thirsty or in real need of resurrection from some sort of mental or physical profundity. I could safely visit my friends or enemies, my barber or my spiritual adviser, my lawyer or the justice of the peace, without being driven to drink. But no more!

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One likes to visit around, but it has become a hazardous business. I can't come in sight or hearing of a whiskey bottle without the cork flying out. I drop in on a friend and come away feeling like a sample case. I dine downtown and a waiter intones a wine list in my ear. I admit a prosperous and promising looking individual to my office and he turns out to be a bootlegger or grapejuice salesman. I am "shanghaied" into a bridge game and must later pay the price by inhaling my host's noxious experiments with malt extract and hops.

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I tried to hire an Italian gardener to dig my garden. During the negotiations he irrigated me so completely with *Vin Italien* that I went home and dug the garden myself. I went down cellar to marvel at a friend's oil-burner, and found it invisible by reason of beer bottles. I called on a sick lodge brother, and with his last spark of energy he waved me to the buffet. I daren't go out of an evening for a breath of air for fear I may come home with just that — a breath. It's a difficult world!

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Nothing and nowhere is safe today for a man whose thirst knows its time and season. I have foresworn funerals, weddings and other social functions, and I don't admit friends, relatives, bond salesmen or insurance agents to my office until the small boy at the front gate has sounded their hip pockets with a hammer. Lately I shared in the appraisal of the effects of a deceased philanthropist, and was not safe even in an empty house recently overcast with the shadow of mortality. Among the effects was a bottle. We couldn't appraise it; we couldn't remove it. We had to drink it.

Evensong

The shades of night are falling fast,
 And will not be ignored;
 The ploughman homeward whizzes past
 Astride his faithful Ford.
 The sinking sun is setting soon
 On desert, ditch and dale;
 The owl is moping at the moon,
 But still I'm out of jail.

The day is full of vows forgot,
 And moments wrongly spent;
 Of good intentions gone to pot,
 And others bruised and bent.
 I think of all my purple sins;
 Their image makes me quail.
 But day is done and night begins,
 And still I'm out of jail.

I wade among a flood of laws
 Of veto and command,
 Whose reason, consequence and cause
 I do not understand.
 In fear and trembling I explore
 This lachrymosal vale;
 But yet another day is o'er
 And still I'm out of jail.

I don't know what the morrow brings
 Of fortune, foul or fair;
 Of profit, loss, and other things;
 Nor do I greatly care.
 To look ahead a month or year
 May leave us cold and pale.
 But yet, today is gone, old dear,
 And still we're out of jail.

THE S. AND N.
 ALPHABETICAL EDUCATION

No. 14. CHEMISTRY

You should catch a chemist young in order to teach him anything, for an old chemist knows everything and is not unwilling to admit it. So watch your children carefully. If the boy drops mother's celluloid hairbrush on the gas stove to see if anything happens, he is already on his way to becoming a chemist, and should be gently encouraged. Give him the comb and pin tray and a box of matches. Let him play with the contents of the bathroom cabinet. Then label him "Poison" and send him to college. When he graduates he will be able to drink anything.

To learn chemistry one must endure a systematic course of experiments, explosions

and odors. An experiment is to put something where it has no business to be, as, for instance a humorist in the House of Representatives or a Kansas lady into Washington society. Usually the result is an explosion, and may be followed by an unpleasant smell.

A chemist has a varied and interesting life, even though it doesn't last long. He knows one hundred and three ways of disposing of a harmless unnecessary cat, he can analyze whiskey, he knows all the elements by their first names, and he can segregate a vitamin, chase it into a corner, and hang his hat on it. If a chemist — by which we mean a real chemist and not merely a boy in a white coat behind a cigar counter selling electric curling irons in a drug dispensary — if a chemist were completely shipwrecked on a desert island he would remain uncomfortable for practically no time at all. In a week or so he would have rediscovered soup and soap and starch and sealing wax, and *The Literary Digest* would be coming every week-end as usual. All of which shows how useful it is to be a chemist.

The fundamental difference between Physics and Chemistry can best be illustrated by opening a can of sauerkraut. The can and the opener are Physics. The contents are chemistry.

No. 15. CIVILIZATION

I read that in the golden days which ancient history portrays, a single man might contemplate the blessings of the married state, without investing overmuch in household furniture and such. A little house, a little land, a horse or cow or so on hand, and whether yeoman, serf or earl, he only needed then the girl.

But as conditions stand today, a comprehensive résumé of what is needed, more or less, to enter wedded blessedness, and make a modest habitat, will leave a Morgan bank-roll flat. A twenty-thousand dollar house is fitting setting for a spouse; five suites of furniture or so; piano, phone and radio; a sewing and a wash-machine, a motor car and gasoline; a phonograph and two trousseaus — two thousand dollars worth of clothes. A ring, some bracelets and a brooch, and later on a baby coach; insurance on my house and life — and *still* I have to find a wife.

Providence Beckons the President



NO statesman has seen more of the atrocious consequences of war than came within Mr. Hoover's ken during the days of Belgian Relief and of his post-war ministrations to Europe's starving people.

No statesman has had greater opportunity to work for world peace than has Herbert Hoover today.

Providence, which somehow shapes the course of men ever upward through the fog of their own folly, would seem to have called forth again a potential leader for the task of his time, and to have so ordered events as to perfect his opportunity.

ALONE among the heads of the great nations, President Hoover is not overburdened by domestic problems. He has the friendly support of the vast majority of his countrymen, who are prosperous, contented, undivided by serious internal dissensions and awakening to the larger importance of America's foreign relationships.

At home, Congress has already done what Congress can for the farmer; Congress is preparing to make its usual botch of the tariff, but our economic structure will survive. Prohibition, though it may some day become an issue of utmost gravity, is not yet a problem clearly enough defined in public opinion to warrant more than the shelving it is now receiving.

MR. HOOVER'S rôle, then, is greater than the one upon which he laid such emphasis in his pardonable campaign speeches. It is not to the preservation of material prosperity in a sublimely self-centered nation that Destiny beckons him. If he is to surpass in the Presidency the fame which was his before he won that office, he must do so upon the international stage of humanitarian service where he first gained the plaudits of the world.

No previous occupant of his position has been thus called upon, or free and qualified, to focus America's attention outward toward a more cordial and open share in the common task of an organized mankind. Wilson had

the vision, but his efforts came to grief upon the rocks of partisan politics at home and of wartime animosities abroad. President Hoover, sharing a similar vision, has the support of a more nearly united electorate, and one less intolerant of the thought of the interdependence of nations. Furthermore, he confronts an older world which no longer reckons war a paying business.

Time was, indeed, when war seemed to pay; Germany appeared to profit financially by it in 1864, in 1866, in 1870. But in the train of these dates came 1914 and 1918 — and the realization that modern war is disaster to victor and vanquished alike.

HENCE the manifold current efforts to ensure orderly progress on our earth, unhampered by the waste of warfare. They emanate from deeper strata than politics. They are inspired by a profound if inarticulate yearning of the masses. And, with the Kellogg peace pacts negotiated, with the lingering reparations problem allayed, with America's tentative approach to the World Court made easier by Elihu Root's endeavors, with armament limitation the topic of the hour, and with spokesmen for the great powers in almost continual conference for pacific ends, it would be stupid cynicism to question the historic significance of this era.

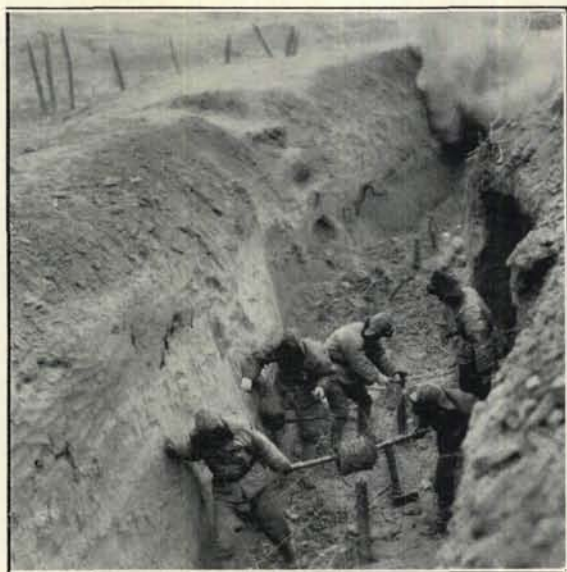
PROGRESS toward a world organized for peace is within the range of possibility. But American participation is essential — participation neither overweening nor yet timid and "unofficial" as hitherto it has been. Herein lies President Hoover's opportunity.

He may go down in history either as a good President, or as one of our greater Presidents. He will rank among the latter if he dedicates his Presidency not simply to the administration of domestic matters, but, beyond that, to a much more courageous American leadership in the councils of a world that is striving for permanent peace.

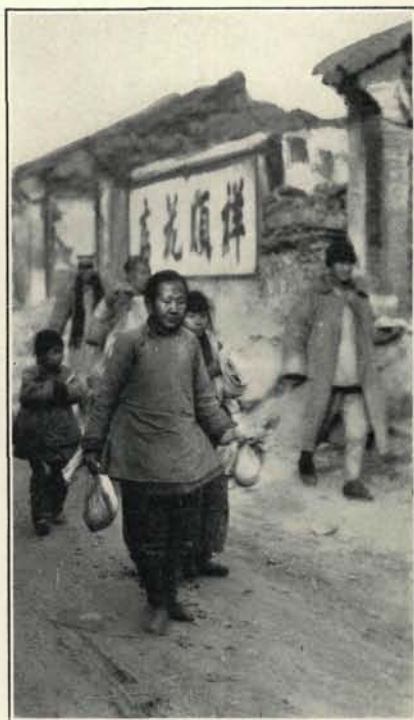
— K. W. P.

A Cameraman Goes to the War in China

(See page 138)

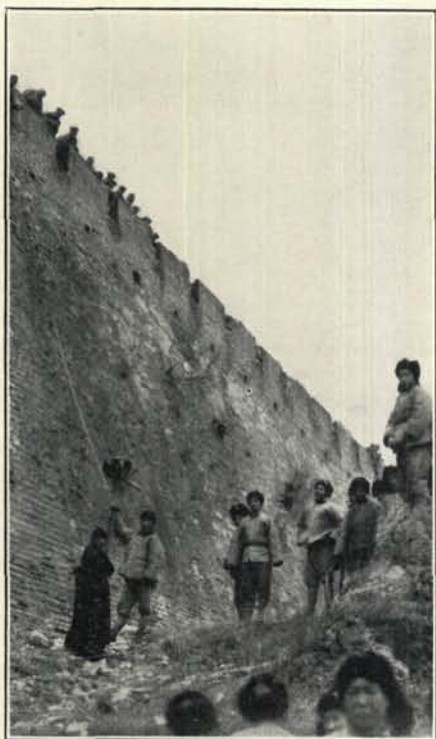


The besieging army's engineers stringing barbed wire under fire



Women and children quit hunger-ridden city of Chockow

Photos by Ariel Varges for International Newsreel



Soldiers of both armies fraternizing under the great wall of Chockow



Cameraman Varges and his Chinese assistant going into action